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THE SOUL'S CAPTAIN

By Orson F. Whitney

(A Reply to William Ernest Henley's Poem "Invictus," ending with the line, "I am the Captain of my Soul.")

Art thou in truth? Then what of him
Who bought thee with his blood?
Who plunged into devouring seas
And snatched thee from the flood?

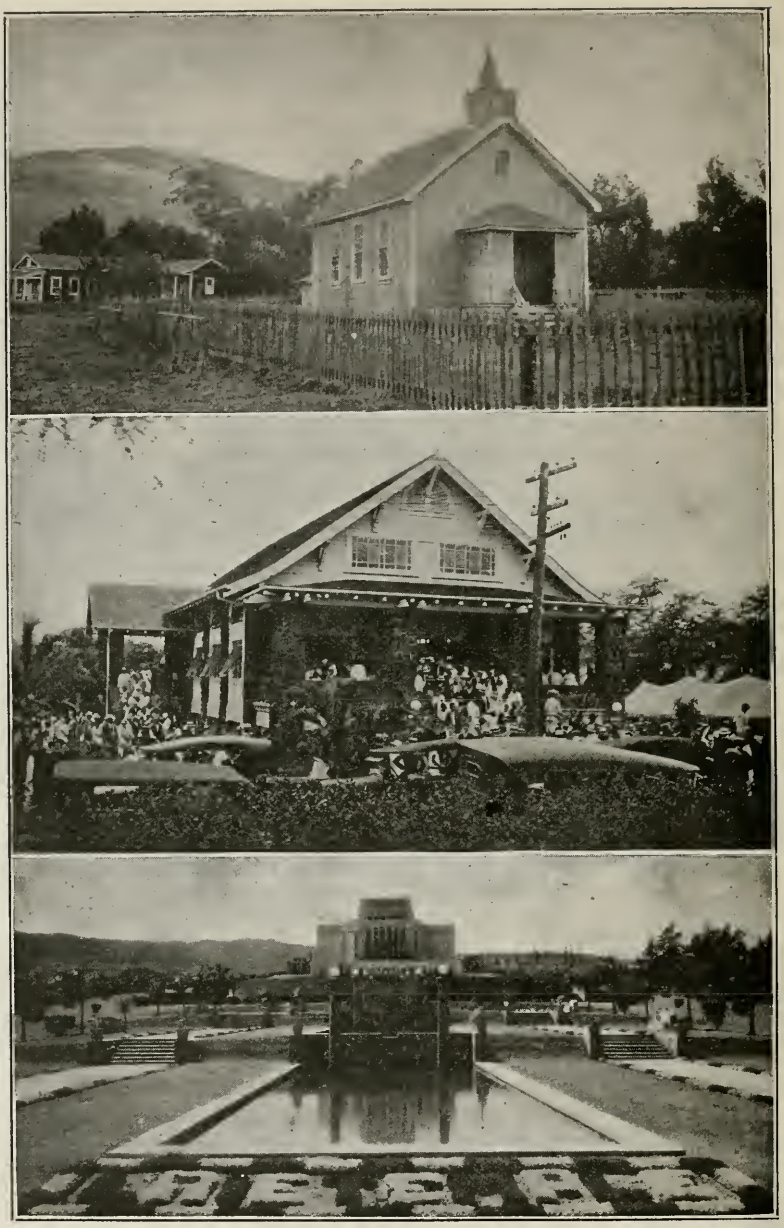
Who bore for all our fallen race
What none but him could bear.—
The God who died that man might live,
And endless glory share?

Of what avail thy vaunted strength,
Apart from his vast might?
Pray that his Light may pierce the gloom,
That thou mayest see aright.

Men are as bubbles on the wave,
As leaves upon the tree.
Thou, captain of thy soul, forsooth!
Who gave that place to thee?

Free will is thine—free agency,
To wield for right or wrong;
But thou must answer unto him
To whom all souls belong.

Bend to the dust that head "unbowed,"
Small part of Life's great whole!
And see in him, and him alone,
The Captain of thy soul.



IN HAWAII

Above: Old chapel at Waimea, Hawaii.
Center: At the Diamond Anniversary celebration—Kalihi chapel—December 13, 1925.
Below: The Hawaiian Temple. Note title, "Laie Temple," in the flowers at the bottom.

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XXIX MAY, 1926 No. 7

DIAMOND JUBILEE OF MISSIONARY EFFORT IN HAWAII

BY FRANCIS J. RUSSELL, MISSION SECRETARY

The people of the Hawaiian islands, though as heterogeneous as sand-paper and velvet, are as genial as the weather, and their broad tolerance and their readiness to appreciate are as refreshing as the ocean breezes. The success of the "Mormon" Church in the reclamation of the Hawaiian people is freely acknowledged and freely praised throughout the islands. The fact that one is a "Mormon" has a credit value. The newspapers display an eager and sympathetic interest in the affairs of the Church. When a mission president comes or goes, the municipal brass band comes to greet him or to bid him farewell. The temple is already a tourists' Mecca and with the islands fast becoming a playground for all America, Hawaii is probably now second only to Salt Lake City as a strategic point for the spreading of the gospel. I have often thought that at least in some ways, our people are more highly appreciated here than they are at home.

The present happy state of affairs is, however, no accident! The story of the founding of the Hawaiian mission, seventy-five years ago, of its early struggles and final triumph against great odds, is one of the most thrilling chapters in the history of the Church and of the islands.

At the Fall conference of 1850, only three years and three months after the historic migration of the Saints into the heart of the wilderness, when the problem of ekeing a living from the soil was still a grim experiment, Brigham Young, with the restless urge that has characterized "Mormonism" since its inception, called ten Elders to open up a mission in the Sandwich Island. The ten called were: Hiram Clark, Thomas Whittle, Henry W. Bigler, Thomas Morris, John Dixon,

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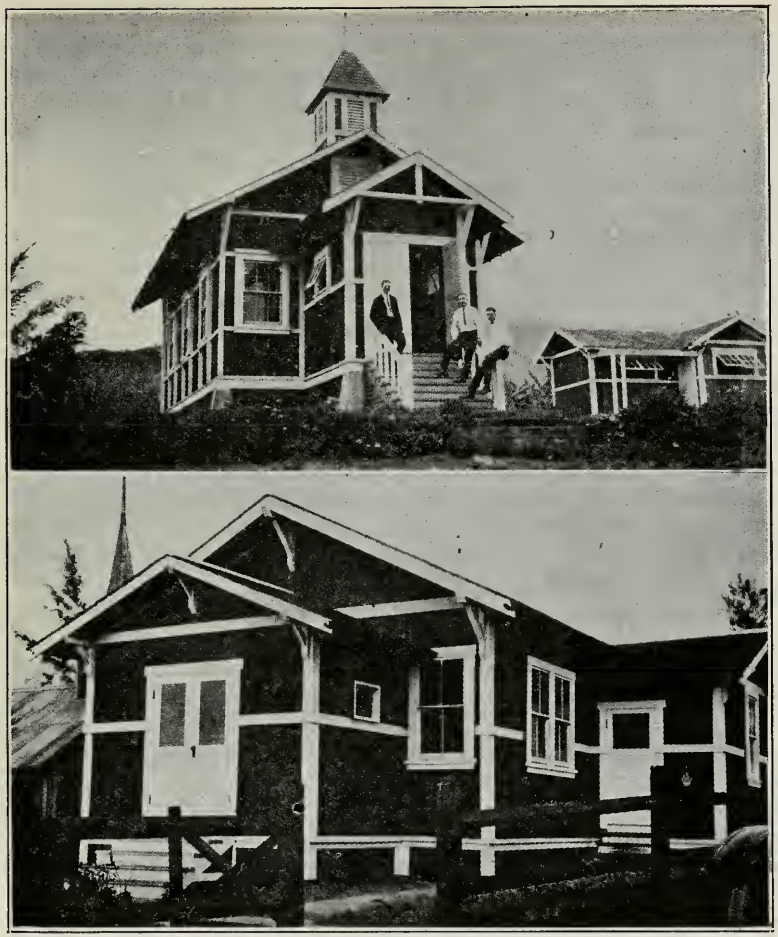
OLD CHURCH BUILDINGS IN HAWAII

Left: Old L. D. S. Church at Pulehu, Maui, where first baptisms were performed.
Right: Old chapel at Lahaina.

William Farrer, James Hawkins, Hiram Blackwell, George Q. Cannon and James Keeler.

It was on the morning of December 12, 1850, that the ten missionaries stepped ashore at Honolulu from the schooner *Imaum of Muscat* after a wearisome journey of some seven weeks by land and sea from Salt Lake City. They were without friends or even acquaintances; and, worse still, were without funds. After securing quarters, they passed through the city to the mountains beyond, where, on a rocky eminence, they built an altar and poured out their thanks to God for their safe arrival, dedicating the land and themselves to his service. Elder Cannon remarks on this occasion: "The sun was sinking low in the heavens when we got through. Our descent was quickly made for we felt joyful. * * * We had been in the presence of the Lord, and had felt his power, and why should we not be happy?" Such was their unostentatious beginning.

Elder Clark was the one who had been chosen to preside. It appears that he was sensitive about the exercise of his authority. There were five islands to be worked. He did not like to pair the missionaries off or to dictate to which of the islands they should go. They



NEW CHAPELS IN HAWAII

Top: New Chapel and Mission Home at Itana, Maui.
Bottom: Chapel at Niulii, Kahala. Typical of our modern chapels in the country districts.

prevailed upon him, however, to select four besides himself to preside. Cuts were drawn for the choice of islands and each presiding elder selected his partner. Elder Cannon drew first choice, selecting Elder Keeler as his companion, and the island of Maui as their field of labor. Elders Bigler and Morris went to Molokai, Elders Dickson and Farrer to Kauai, Elders Hawkins and Blackwell to Hawaii, and, of course, the President and his companion, Elder Whittle, remained on Oahu.

Among the natives, the Calvin church had acquired the prestige of a state religion. Their missionaries had been in the islands since

1820, and as they were the first bearers of the Christian message, they were looked upon as patentees, while those coming later were more or less infringers. It is a puzzling coincidence that the Calvin missionaries landed at Kailua (the old capital), and met the King, Liholiho, about the time that Joseph Smith was having his vision of the Father and the Son, April 4-6, 1820. To this day, they are regarded as the Columbuses, Washingtons and Lincolns of the Hawaiian commonwealth; but this feeling has generously spread to include missionaries in general, regardless of denomination, for Hawaii is a missionary-developed state, and the Latter-day Saints are noted for their contribution to this development in their accomplishments of bettering the conditions of the natives.

Much credit is due these early missionaries in preparing the way for the true gospel of Christ. They reduced the language to writing, translated the Bible, and taught the people Christianity. And in addition they were from dear old New England, the prolific mother of teachers and reformers and the physical birthplace of "Mormonism."

Returning to our story, the missionary efforts with the whites were all but fruitless; as George Q. Cannon tells us, "We soon became satisfied that if we confined our labors to the whites, our mission to these islands would be a short one."

A crisis came. Their money was entirely gone, and they were accomplishing no good. The Elders were called to Honolulu for consultation and conference. Either they must move to more fruitful fields, or they must acquire the strange tongue and attempt to wedge through the Calvin-charged circle.

A man also came to meet the crisis in the person of George Q. Cannon. He was then but twenty-four years but his leadership was soon recognized. He surprised the elders in Honolulu by his remarkable progress in the language. During his short stay on Maui, he had learned that the natives were a noble and lovable people, and when the proposition of moving on or returning home was submitted, he made this epochal reply:

> "You may all return who choose, but I am going to remain, for the voice of the Lord has come to me telling me that there is a people here who are choice in his sight, and many will hear the message we bear, and will receive it with good honest hearts, so, therefore, I cannot return and do justice to my calling."

His words carried the spiritual destiny of a nation. Elders Dickson, Blackwell and Whittle returned to their homes in Utah and Elder Clark, the President, left shortly afterwards for the Marquesas islands. The remaining Elders went to their tasks with an energy that was inspired, and in a surprisingly short time had mastered the language and had learned to eat and to like poi, for one was as important as the other.

It was a happy day for Elder Cannon when he felt sufficiently armed in the language to go among the people. Much as he loved

his companions at Lahaina, the restless urge was on him to go, go, go. He had faith adequate for any occasion, and it was with a merry heart that he set out on a tour of the island. The first town he reached of any size was Wailuku, a distance of twenty-two miles, but let him tell his own story:

"There were some missionaries living there, and I was hoping to get an opportunity of being introduced to them, for I had made it a rule never to pass a missionary without bearing testimony to him respecting my mission. I had scarcely passed the town when I felt strongly impressed to return, the spirit telling me that I would meet two natives who would receive my message, and that I should have an opportunity to meet the missionary in charge. As I passed the church yard, two half-white women emerged from a house near by, and when they saw me they called to some men who were in the house, '*Eka haole,*' which means 'Oh, the white man.' "

For some reason not directly apparent, the call was repeated and repeated, causing Elder Cannon to pause and look around. Two men came out to meet him who proved to be the ones he was seeking. When he had made known his business, they welcomed him in to share their hospitality. A delightful conversation ensued, and they proposed that they all go up and see the missionary, which was just what Elder Cannon had wished.

Under the circumstances, the missionary could not do otherwise than receive him with courtesy and the meeting and the conversation were pleasant. Some weeks later, when Cannon returned, he found that the missionary had been viciously spreading falsehoods against the cause he represented. At one of his meetings, at which Elder Cannon happened to be present, he gave an entirely false statement as to the cause of the death of the Prophet Joseph, and warned the people against Elder Cannon. As may easily be imagined, Elder Cannon was nettled: He writes:

"When the services were over, I walked around to the pulpit where he stood. He knew we had been in the islands but a short time, and I believe, had no idea that I could understand what he said; when he saw me, therefore, his face turned pale, and to me he looked like a man who had been caught in a mean low act. I told him I wanted to give him correct information respecting the things he had told the people that morning, that he might remove the effect of the lies he had repeated to them; for, I said, they were base lies, and I was a living witness that they were * * * I bore him a solemn testimony respecting the prophet Joseph Smith, and the truth of the work, adding that I would stand as a witness against him at the judgment seat of God, for having told the people lies and refusing to tell them the truth when it had been shown to him."

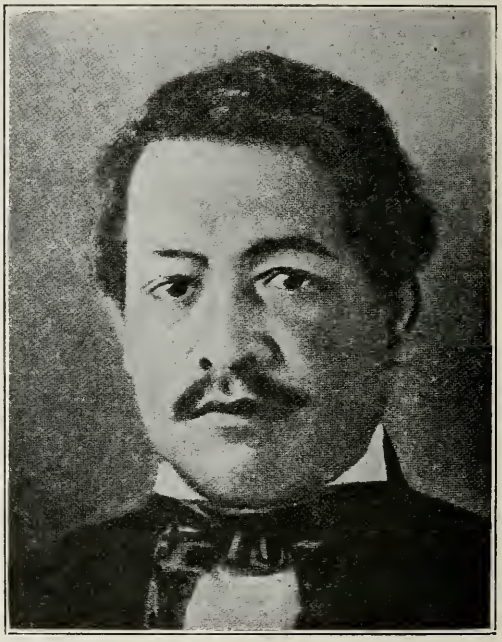
Such is the first recorded skirmish in establishing the restored gospel of Jesus Christ in the Hawaiian islands. George Q. Cannon's manly and definite stand with his enlightened and vivid reasoning won the hearts of the natives.

The "charged circle" was wedged!

From that time on, converts were made by the hundreds. Victory never tasted so sweet to any conqueror as it tasted to these humble

missionaries who had been deserted by four of their companions including the mission president. What they lacked in food, the Lord made up to them in the goodly degree of his Spirit bestowed upon them. What they had to eat and where they slept were matters of indifference to them. They were happy and they rejoiced as they had never rejoiced before. Dreams, visions and revelations were given to them and the communion of the Spirit was most sweet and encouraging.

The translation of the Book of Mormon into the Hawaiian language was commenced by Elder George Q. Cannon in the latter



KAMEHAMEHA III

Second son of Kamehameha I, who occupied the throne when the first L. D. S. missionaries arrived. An able and fair-minded monarch, who protected our missionaries.

part of January, 1851, scarcely six weeks after his arrival, December 12, 1850. It was finished July 12, 1853. He was assisted by Brother J. H. Napela, an educated and intelligent Hawaiian who thoroughly understood his own language and could give the exact meaning of words. The translation was most carefully revised to obliterate all chance of doubtful meanings, and published in San Francisco in 1855. The book is said to be a gem in purity of diction.

Since the first baptism, an Hawaiian named Paloi, at Pulehu, Maui, more than 30,000 have joined the Church, of which 14,000 are on the

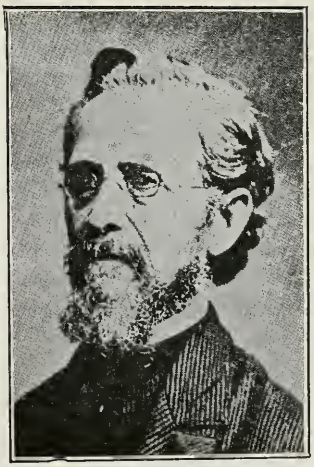
records of members now living, which includes about one-third of the total native population. The work has spread to every village and hamlet in the islands, the number of branches now totalling sixty-five. In addition to the temple, valued at $250,000 and the Church plantation of some 6,500 acres, the property of the mission is now valued at $200,000, which figure includes forty-nine chapels, and six mission homes.

The number of missionaries who have labored in the islands is now 686, including sixty now in the field. In individual time, this amounts to 1,750 years. Valuing each missionary's time at $2.50 per day and adding to this the average cash expense of each mission filled, which was $700, the missionary contribution to the cause amounts to $2,500,000. And this does not include the time, money and assistance donated to the cause by hundreds of faithful Saints.

On the credit side of the ledger a most choice branch of the house of Israel has been found and is being redeemed; a temple offers them the means of attaining to the highest glory, and the countless material blessings which come from clean and intelligent living are being felt.

The 75th anniversary of the arrival of the first "Mormon" missionaries was fittingly celebrated in all the branches of the Church in the mission. Suitable programs, and a well written historical pageant were presented in Honolulu and Laie with beautiful music. This pageant was written, staged and produced entirely by missionary talent.

Honolulu, T. H.



REV. DANIEL T. CONDE

This is the American Board missionary with whom Geo. Q. Cannon had controversy.

HAROLD DINGIT'S WILD RIDE

By David Horatio Morgan

[A gripping boy and horse story, showing that one can often turn a bad situation into an advantageous one, and come out winner, by the application of courage, grit, and the ability to see an opportunity.—*Editors.*]

A door creaked open and Harold Dingit, still sleepy-eyed but with a look of determination, emerged from the saddle shed with a bridle hanging over his shoulder. Day was just breaking and the air was cool and frosty with a fragrance of Spring. He shoved his hands into his overalls pockets to his elbows. From beneath a flapping hat peeped out one big brown eye.

At the corral gate he was stopped by a voice from out of the darkness, "Hello, Kid, where are you going?"

"Is that you, Aught? I was going down to the pasture to get a horse. Why?"

"Now, see here, Kid; you haven't been to breakfast yet and you're up to something. Out with it."

Harold dug the toe of his boot into the dirt. "I don't know that I have to tell you everything!"

"No, you don't have to tell me everything, but this is important, for boys around this ranch are not in the habit of getting up before day and wrangling a horse before breakfast unless he is made to. Spit it out 'cause you promised your Ma and Pa you wouldn't do anything without telling me first."

Harold hesitated for a second, thinking over his promise, then he said rather lamely, "I saw Lightfoot the other day and she's got a colt."

Aught Goodwin did not suppress his laugh and it did not offend the boy, for the big cowman always laughed, except when he was angry, and then he thundered. Once he thundered when a cowboy kicked Harold, and no one who knew ever tried it again.

"Well, I'm sure tickled to hear that; but what are you going to do—catch it?" There was a smile behind the question. "Nobody has ever had a hoss around here that's fast enough to get a brand on Lightfoot since she was a colt."

There was still determination in the faltering reply; "I—I was going to see where she's watering and feeding and hiding out during the day."

"Well now, I can tell you most all that. She's most likely watering at the spring above Rafell tank; she's feeding at night in Sycamore Basin; and where she's hiding out ain't where no cowpuncher has ever found out, unless it's in them red sandstone peaks where a billy goat can't climb. What color is the colt; is it a hoss

colt?" At this turn in the questioning the boy's square jaws relaxed and the brows lifted.

"Yes, a horse colt and the blackest, shiniest little fellow you ever saw. Aught, he's built just like Fresno. I sure would like to have him."

The foreman eyed Harold keenly and he said, "Now see here, Kid, there is one law that holds good among all young animals and I know it—one wants another to play with him until the other wants to boss, then one's going to get frisky. You might get a rope on that colt all right, but you ain't big enough yet to bring him in, better leave that job for a grown man. Besides you can't keep up to Lightfoot's dust; and she's the beatenest hoss to hide out what was ever in these mountains."

"If I should find where she is hiding out, will you help me rope the colt?" Harold persisted, knowing his big friend's weakness to humor after a scolding; and, also, he knew the foreman's untiring delight to run wild horses.

"I sure will, but see here, boy, that mare hasn't a scratch on her in the shape of a brand and she runs somewhat on the Bar Heart's range, and them polecats over there ain't got much truck with us Three Slashers, and if you get caught on their range you might get hurt." With this admonition the foreman turned in through the gate, leaving Harold to his own decision.

Reluctantly the boy hung the bridle on the gate and started to the kitchen for breakfast. He did not want to displease Aught but at the same time he felt confident that the colt could be caught, and if once gotten into the corral the breaking would be easy—he would train and break it before it became vicious. He reasoned, that with the inherited swiftness and wildness of its mother Lightfoot, the fire and blood of its sire Fresno, if it were left running wild upon the range for three years, the little black would rather die than submit to the rough breaking by the cowboys.

In all rights Lightfoot and her colt belonged to the Three Slash ranch, for she had been taken by Aught Goodwin when she was a young colt herself, but she had not been branded. Now she ran as much on the Bar Heart range as on that of the Three Slash, and it remained only a question of time until some one would be able to brand her and she would thus become the property of her captor.

As the boy walked back to the house there flashed to his mind the words of a motto which hung upon the rough board walls of his bunk room: "All things come to him who goes after the thing the other fellow is waiting for."

This was a clinching argument in favor of Harold's desire to possess the colt and he resolved to try. Stopping suddenly in the half light of the early morning as if he had met the idea there face to face in the trail, he said, "Now if I wait I won't get a *look in,* but

if I go after that colt and get him, won't it be just like that motto says, and I just bet I win!"

After breakfast, facing the danger of being caught on the Bar Heart range, Harold went to the corral—he would find where Lightfoot was hiding out and then later Aught would help catch the colt. He slipped the bridle over Big Blue's head and throwing a coiled wild-horse lariat over the horn of the saddle climbed up. Down the steep bank into the river he rode and splashed through the cold water. He took the little trail through the sand flats and into Salt Ground canyon; climbed the side of the mountains and disappeared among the cedars to the east.

The sun was not an hour high when Harold dismounted and concealed his horse among the rocks and trees in the edge of Sycamore Basin. It was a rough and wild section of the mountains and seldom visited by the cowpunchers.

Harold cautiously exposed only a part of his head, so anxious was he to catch Lightfoot unaware and feeding. Long minutes he lay on his stomach without moving, staring at the picture he saw. Not more than one hundred paces away was the mare with her baby colt dancing and frolicking about. It reared upon its tiny heels shaking its pretty black head, and lunged forward kicking high in the air from side to side. Lightfoot raised her head anxiously, pricking her delicate ears and sniffed the air nervously. She kept grazing nearer and nearer the rocks.

"She is getting ready to leave," Harold thought half aloud. "I hope she doesn't scent me."

From the far end of the valley came a shrill whinny of alarm, and Harold saw the great stallion Fresno, a flame in the sunshine, his proud neck arched high and defiant. Lightfoot jumped, startled, pranced about looking in every direction, the colt trotting at her side.

There was a clattering of hoofs in the rocks among the cedars on the opposite side of the meadow, drowned by the blood-curdling cries of a score of cowboys. The riders came hemming in swinging their lariats. Lightfoot started straight for the opening where Harold lay—no riders were in sight here. But this was all a trick for immediately the brush crashed just to Harold's left and Big Sid of the Bar Heart ranch plunged down upon the colt, swinging a noose for which he was famed never to miss in throwing.

Harold's hope vanished of ever getting the little black and he bit his lips in resignation of his loss, but he was game.

He had no time to think, for Lightfoot was plunging straight ahead and would trample him to death in the rocks if he did not get out of her way.

Big Sid was not more than fifty feet away, he meant to catch the colt, a few feet more and he would let fly the loop. The boy sprang

up to save himself; Lightfoot saw him and the rope and ducked in between her baby and the rider, and was gone.

Big Sid saw what he supposed had turned the mare and thought it had been done intentionally. Still swinging his rope he rode up. An angry gleam shone in his eyes as he recognized a Three Slasher.

"I'll catch something!" he roared, and let fly the loop, taking Harold off his feet and throwing him upon the ground.

"Come ear mark this varmint from the Three Slash," he roared again. "He made me miss my throw. Under bit to the left and crop to the right. Put a Bar Heart on him so as to show he's been on our range." He bellowed this out, but with a significant wink as the other riders came up.

"Who you got, Sid?" asked a big tall cowboy in angora chaps; riding up and squinting down.

"He's that dogy kid what's an orphan over on the Three Slash. He's Aught Goodwin's pet; and I reckon he's got him broke plumb gentle now, riding on our range, trying to steal our colts. Shorty, you just get down and put the Bar Heart ear mark on him. Maybe Goodwin won't claim him when he sees him with our ear mark on," he said this with a malicious grin, intending to frighten Harold into giving up some range secret.

A bow-legged cowpuncher with a red face slid down from the back of a big roan with monkey-like agility. Taking a huge knife from the pocket of his flapping chaps so that the boy could see it, he waddled stiff-kneed over to where Harold lay helpless upon his back. There was apparently no mercy in the fellow's eyes—he pretended to put into execution what he had been ordered to do, and he sat about it as if the boy were nothing more than a calf. He set one spurred boot upon Harold's neck, stooped over and took one ear between his fingers.

"Wait there, pardner!" yelled the man with angora chaps; interfering at the proper time to appear as Harold's protector, "Give the kid a chance to talk for himself, maybe he knows something."

No amount of threatening, however, could make Harold talk, and Big Sid said, "This here Squeezicks ain't going to say nothing. He's a Three Slasher; tie him on a hoss and run him home."

Further speech was interrupted by the fierce challenge of Fresno, a Three Slash horse, as he came drumming across the Basin, attracted by the other horses. Two cowpunchers rode out and covered the pass behind an ambush, where they easily roped the stallion as he came thundering through.

Big Sid turned to Harold and said, "What are you now, Kid, a Three Slasher or a Bar Heart man?" He knew the answer he would get before he asked the question, but it gave him an excuse for sending the boy home lashed on the back of Fresno. Also here was a way of

showing his unfriendliness to a rival, and with no particular danger of bringing the law down upon himself.

The cowboy took his foot off Harold's neck and gave him a chance to say, "You can't fool me, you big duffers, I wouldn't be a Bar Heart puncher for all the cattle and horses on your range." He tried to get up but the rope pinned him down and held him fast. He knew it was best to say little and take whatever prank they put upon him without a struggle, but it angered him and he threatened them, "If you tie me on that horse, Aught Goodwin will get you."

The boy's threat satisfied Big Sid that this would be the best way to strike at Goodwin and he called out, "Bring up that horse; we'll tie this varmint on and drive him back to his keeper."

Fresno was led up, pawing and nickering, impatient to follow Lightfoot and the other mares of his herd. He was not a wild stallion for he had been raised upon the Three Slash ranch and broken to the saddle before he had been turned out to become a leader of a band. Being broken he could be driven to the ranch without much difficulty and would lead his whole herd into the corral where such young horses were taken as were fitted for breaking.

Harold knew that Aught Goodwin had almost completed the horse round-up on the Three Slash range and was now somewhere in the vicinity of Sycamore Basin, but Fresno had not been seen, neither had Lightfoot. It was the custom that all the horses ranging in the mountains on the north side of the river were run into a deep canyon where they were herded until the last day of the gather before they were driven into corrals at the ranch. Big Sid knew this custom, too, and fearing Lightfoot and the little black might be captured he had planned her taking in Sycamore Basin, but she had escaped him and now he wished to avenge himself upon Harold, by sending him bound into Aught Goodwin's camp or back to the ranch.

Big Sid commanded, "Throw this new model cowpuncher up there now," loosening his rope several other men caught hold of the boy and raised him up on Fresno's back.

"You better let me go!" Harold threatened. "If you hurt me or Fresno, Aught will clean up on the whole bunch of you!" At the same time he gave a vigorous kick with one foot. The short-legged puncher was just high enough to stop the blow with his head and he sat down ungracefully in a cactus, howling with the pain.

"You better cut that out!" cautioned the tall cowboy, "Or you will get your ears split yet." But the yelping puncher was too busy carefully pulling cactus spines to add anything more to the wild escapade of his companions.

Harold was placed up on some saddle padding; his hands were felt free. His feet were pulled down and bound together under the horse. Sid inspected the knots, and taking from his pocket a piece of chalk, wrote on the boy's chaps, "Caught stealing horses on the

Bar Heart range," saying with a sneer, "I'm sending a message to your keeper, kid, and I hope he gets it."

A chorus of laughs went up at the joke, and Yavapai Red, a tall, sunburned man said, "Sid, the paper you write your note on ain't worth the words, but if you hurry this express pony along maybe Goodwin'll get it before it fades," and he read the message aloud.

It was more than Harold could stand, "It's a lie!" he shrieked. "Sycamore Basin is no more on your range than 'tis on ours, and that mare belongs to us though she has never been branded."

"How you do chatter," broke in the youngest puncher.

"Cut it out," yelled a big fellow. "I've no stomach for this child's play. Start the band, Sid, and let's get gone."

Fresno was led to the edge of the cedars and set free. The cowboys began to shout and make a great noise to frighten the stallion, but he was fearless. At first he trotted along easily, sniffing the ground, and throwing his fine muzzle high in the air, whinnying shrilly. Harold gripped the horse's mane and took note of the direction.

The cowpunchers being unable to frighten the horse by their shouts, rode up along side and began to lash him with the knotted ends of their lariats.

The lashings enraged the stallion and laying back his ears half turned to fight, but taking another course, he began to increase his speed and like some mighty machine tore recklessly through the cedars, losing his tormentors upon the trail. Fainter and fainter became the shouts of the cowboys until Fresno's breathing filled the void.

Mile after mile the great stallion ran, heedless of his burden or the projecting branches. Harold was scratched in a myriad of places. He tried to quiet the horse and slow him down with coaxings and commands but it was useless, for the stallion would entertain only the idea of overtaking his fleeing herd. "When he overtakes the horses then maybe I can make him drive Lightfoot to the ranch or into Aught's round-up herd," Harold reasoned hopefully.

At last, Fresno slowed down to a walk and stopped. For a long time he listened until his breathing came freer, always turning his head from one side to the other to catch the faintest sound. He whinnied long and shrill, sniffed the ground and walked slowly on, his heaving flanks flecked with lather. Constantly he scented the trail, but continued to walk, satisfied now that he was not far behind his mates.

Harold wondered where he would be borne before he would be able to turn Fresno's head toward the ranch. He could tell something of the direction and thought he knew the place. But his temples throbbed, he ached and was sore. There seemed to be no

rescue outside of Aught's camp or the ranch. Where would Fresno take him; how long could he hold out? Then the horse stopped suddenly and there floated upon the air just the least perceptible note of a far off whinny, but the horse was the first to detect the mate call, although it sounded miles and miles away, somewhere to the south, but the boy knew not where. For a moment Fresno stood rigid, listening, his keen ear measuring distance and direction. Then like a mighty bellows, his great chest heaved and trembled and Harold marveled. The muzzle flew up, the nostrils quivered, a ringing blast went out to the south in answer to the far away call, sending assurance across the rocky canyons and down the wooded slopes.

Harold's breast swelled with admiration and hope—Fresno would find Lightfoot and then—. With a bound the great horse tore into a run.

After several miles, through the brush, over rocks and fallen trees Fresno slowed down whinnying viciously and striking the ground with his forefeet in rage—he had overtaken his herd, and was fretted because his mates had forsaken him.

Harold tried to see Lightfoot and the little black. He could hear the other horses running all about, but they were scattered through the brush. He could see only a few of them. Then the boy knew from Fresno's actions that the mares were trying to scatter again and get away—they had scented a human being or seen a rider upon their lord's back.

Now it comes time for head work Harold told himself, and passing a low limb he broke a switch which he used to guide Fresno from side to side by tapping him upon the cheek. Around and around the horse circled, driving the stray ones into a trail.

"Go to it, old boy!" Harold encouraged, "I know where we are—we can't be more than a mile from Aught's camp," and he crowded the horse more to the right. "I sure hope Lightfoot's in the bunch."

Harold had difficulty in driving the stallion, for he was mad, he tore and bit the unruly mares, sending the whole band like the wind down a long ridge. At a sharp bend Harold looked down ahead, and his heart thrilled for there was the long string of horses trotting and leaping over the rocks in the narrow trail; and there, too, in the lead, was Lightfoot and at her heels trotted the little black. The boy suddenly became tired, he was making a wonderful fight but would he win?

That last mile seemed like a million; would Fresno's band go peaceably into the round-up herd as horses do from instinct? Harold closed his eyes to try to rest and to think. When he looked up again he saw far down the slope a great bunch of Aught's round-up horses; he saw the perpendicular walls of rock, the natural corral. Then he saw the cowboys steal quickly out on their horses to help him. He

urged Fresno on, making him drive his band into Hell's canyon, into Wild Horse trap, into Aught Goodwin's hold-up bunch of the round-up, and Harold smiled in spite of his fatigue, "I did win."

Claremont, Calif.

A Mother's Worth

Boy, love and cherish Mother,
And learn to know her worth.
To you there's no such other
Who graces this fair earth.
Your welfare is her pleasure;
For you she bore death's pain,
And for her boy, her treasure,
She'd sink near death again.

You can't afford to slight her;
Don't ever wear a frown,
But make each day seem brighter
By living anger down.
Yes! make her life a heaven,
Tell her you know her worth,
For God to you has given
In her, the best on earth.

Her value you'll know never
While God wills she should stay,
But when death those bonds sever
New thoughts will come your way.
'Tis then you'll know your Mother,
The dearest soul on earth,
Has loved you as no other.
Then, boy, you'll know her worth.

Then while your mother lingers,
Don't fail to give her flowers,
That speak your whole soul's giving,
'Twill cheer her clouded hours.
Let heart to heart be blended:
Yes! love her as no other,
For when her life is ended,
Your friend, you'll find, was Mother.

Los Angeles. O. F. URSENBACH.

Motherhood

A baby fair,
A jewel rare,
Asleep beside its mother.
Her face ashine
With light divine
Unequaled by another.

A fairy charm
All pink and warm
Brings joy and love and laughter,
For mother dear
A comfort here
To have forever after.

The ties that bind,
The hearts entwined
Are held by this wee treasure.
With sweet content
Those hearts are bent
To make its life a pleasure.

O, Motherhood!
The great, the good,
Will sing thy praises ever.
Thy suffering hours,
Thy mystic powers,
Will be forgotten—never.

Mt. Pleasant, Utah ALBERTA L. JACOBS

ORATORY, POESY AND PROPHECY

By Orson F. Whitney

III

Poesy is the power by which we appreciate and sympathize with all that is good, pure, true, beautiful and sublime. That high sense of right which scorns all wrong; the sword and balance of Eternal Justice; the voice of Mercy pleading for the fallen; the tongue of Truth heralding salvation and reform; the oracle of Liberty proclaiming freedom to the oppressed; the thunderbolt of retribution that lays the tyrant low;—poesy is the Spirit of these things.

Beware, therefore, how you say that you do not like poetry, lest you paint your own portrait in uncanny colors, confessing yourself to be one of those of whom Shakespeare says:

> The man that hath no music in himself,
> Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
> The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
> And his affections dark as Erebus,—
> Let no such man be trusted.

Poetry is music—the music of languages; but that is not all, nor most. It is the music of thought, the melody of sentiment, the harmony of the human with the divine; deep answering to deep, man's soul attuned to and in unison with the mind and heart of the melodious universe. "All inmost things are melodious," says Carlyle—"naturally utter themselves in song." "It is a man's sincerity and depth of vision that makes him a poet. See deep enough and you see musically, the heart of nature being everywhere music, if you can only reach it."

Yes, there is such a thing as silent music. Keats knew it when he wrote his immortal "Ode to a Grecian Urn," and gave us these beautiful lines:

> Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
> Are sweeter. Therefore, ye soft pipes, play on.

"Speech is silvern; silence is golden." Silence we instinctively associate with profundity; not because the rule holds good in every case, but because it is a rule, notwithstanding the exceptions. Speech is on the surface; thought is in the depths. "The shallows murmur, but the deeps are dumb."

The most powerful speakers—and all are not powerful that are so styled—are not the glib and fluent who generally have more words than ideas; but those who are deliberate, even halting, until aroused, when, like the cataract or the storm unchained, the impetuous

torrent of eloquence, breaking from its fastenings, sweeps past every barrier, carrying all before it.

Not often is the great poet a great orator, nor the great orator a great poet. Cicero wrote poems, but they were not equal to his orations. "Oh that so great a statesman should be so poor a poet!" Bulwer makes the monk Joseph say of Richelieu. Genius is said to be "born of a disproportion in faculties." Where there are hills there must be hollows. Where there are summits there shall also be gulfs.

Castelar, the eloquent Spaniard, gives us this thought on oratory; "The grandest, the most intoxicating of human glories, is the glory of the orator, who, without shedding one drop of blood, without staining his laurels with the fatal trophies of the warrior, can from the tribune conquer the souls of his hearers, and force them to mingle with his own. No spectacle can compare with that of the orator, who should be at the same time a philosopher, a poet, an artist, a musician, a tactician, one who can draw from the depths of the intellect the hidden treasures of thought, clothe and shape them into beauty, * * * amid the deafening applause of the people."

Grand, indeed, but not the grandest. Intoxicating, no doubt: a splendid spectacle. But surely there are grander things, though they may pass unnoticed by men, or awaken not the thunders of human applause. What of the glorious examples of unseen heroism, of patient pain, of silent suffering for the sake of principle, with which history abounds, but which only the heavens witness and after ages appreciate? There is nothing so grand, so splendid, so sublime, as the spectacle of a great soul struggling with adversity.

Nevertheless, the calling of the orator is superior to that of the warrior, who, however, outshines him in the eyes of most men. What hear we of orators or of poets in France, while the star of Napoleon was in the ascendant? Three names only in all Europe—Goethe, Byron and Nelson—refused to be dimmed by that blazing meteor of military glory. What of Grant—not the greatest, but the most successful of American soldiers, Washington excepted? Could any name of poet, orator, statesman or sage compare with his in the mind of the common people at the North, until the war clouds had rolled away and men had begun once more to see clearly and to think soberly? Even Lincoln's name required the halo of martyrdom to make it more illustrious than that of the Man of Appomattox.

"The pen is mightier than the sword;" but the sword of Washington eclipsed the pen of Jefferson, not only because the Man of Mount Vernon was superior as a man to all his contemporaries, but because he was a successful general returning in triumph from battle. David, the warrior and poet king of Israel, was more lauded for having slain "his tens of thousands," than for creating poems of peerless beauty and imperishable fame. The glory of Cicero, the golden-tongued orator of Rome, was obscured by the glory of Caesar.

the incarnate god of war. Augustus was greater than Horace to the generation that produced them. Alexander, as long as he lived, outshone Aristotle and Demosthenese.

No, Castelar, "the grandest, the most intoxicating of human glories" is the glory of the warrior. When Mars reigns Apollo and Minerva must "hide their diminished heads—hide them for a season at least, until men become weary of noise and show, and reason can reassert itself. But because of these eclipses, these temporary obscurations, is the warrior greater than the orator or the poet? Verily I say unto you, Nay.

Oratory is diluted poetry, "the milk of the word," while poetry is the "meat," too strong for some minds to digest. A poet and an orator once entered into a contest to describe sunrise. The orator enlarged upon the theme in glowing and gorgeous phrases, talked of golden beams and purple clouds, of receding shadows and sparkling streamlets, painting the precise picture in every detail. The poet simply said: "The sun parleys with the mountain tops." How much finer this, than a long drawn out description, however eloquent and beautiful. It is almost equal to Shakespeare's: "Look, the morn, in russet mantle clad, walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill."

And yet, many would think the orator's description superior to the poet's. It is for such that the orator has his being, his mission. Poetry is above and beyond them. They cannot appreciate its concentrated light and heat. The wine must be mixed with water, weakened, suited to the taste of the comparatively unpoetic throng. It then becomes oratory, of which the thirsty masses, eager for poetry without knowing it, drink and are satisfied.

If anyone doubts that oratory can be poetic, let him read the following tribute to science, uttered by Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, an almost peerless orator, and a poet withal, though with a harp partly unstrung:

"Science took a handful of sand, constructed a telescope, and with it explored the starry depths of heaven. Science wrested from the gods their thunderbolts, and now the electric spark, freighted with thought and love, flashes under all the waves of the sea. Science took a tear from the cheek of unpaid labor, converted it into steam, and created a giant that turns with tireless arm the countless wheels of toil."

And if anyone questions the prophetic nature of poetry, this from the writings of Tennyson, given to the world long before the coming of the airplane, ought to banish all doubt upon that point:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be:
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nation's airy navies, grappling in the central blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
And the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunderstorm.
Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.
There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

Many poets have never written. They may have felt the divine fire burning within them, but were powerless to pour out upon "the palpitating air" the song resounding through all the secret caverns of the soul. The most eloquent poets have felt the painful inadequacy of language to express their thoughts. Even Byron cries out amidst the overwhelming grandeur of the Alps, whose towering tops, glistening in their caps of snow, silvered by the moonbeams or frowning darkly amid the lurid gleams and mutterings of the storm, swept as with Titanic fingers the harp-strings of his soul:

Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me,—could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings strong or weak,
All that I would have sought and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel and yet breathe—into one word,
And that one word were lightning, I would speak;
But as it is, I live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.

Yet what could be more voiceful, more expressive, than this beautiful stanza in the same poem (*Childe Harold*)?

Ye stars, which are the poetry of Heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires, 'tis to be forgiven
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state
And claim a kindred with you: for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named
themselves a star.

"TWENTY NICKLES"

By George Blair Glade

A shrill whistle finally announced the departure of the Priesthood Outing Special. Ten minutes late, waiting for the belated ones, the train started for the canyon. Fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, filled the six coaches. A smiling radiance beamed on every face. Children's questions, mothers' smiles, babies' chatter, and the hearty laughter of men, mingled with the heavy labor of the engine, gladdened each expectant heart.

It was a clear day in June. The sunbeams, piercing the dusty windows, played upon the tanned cheek of Harold Bozarth. His manly features ennobled the khaki suit he wore. Children returned his warm smile and some ventured near to touch his hand. By his side, dressed in dainty picnic attire, sat his sweetheart. On her lap nestled a runaway baby from down the aisle who chatted and laughed when they played with her. As the little Miss wobbled back to its mother Harold and the Girl smiled. A happy love filled their hearts. Not a selfish love, but one that seemed to embrace all around them.

Arriving at the park the train came to a creaking stop. Hurriedly, the children bolted out. Some returned for hats and luncheons. As Harold neared the door he saw a man and boy hunting under the seats. He stopped to aid them.

"Have you lost something?" he queried of the boy.

"I dropped a dollar." A wild look troubled the youngster's face.

"Don't you know which way it rolled?" asked the father, impatiently. But the lad didn't. Feverishly they searched. Harold joined them on his hands and knees. But the dusty corners failed to give it up.

To Harold the boy's countenance seemed to change to a tearful sadness, the impatience of the father to a grave anxiety. He noticed, for the first time, the rough hands of the man, which seemed more so, because of the dirt from the floor. He saw the clean but home laundered collar, the worn but neatly patched suit.

Suddenly the engine roared and the cars lurched, but at the same instant Harold found the dollar. "Here it is!" he shouted; "bounced up in this little crevice."

"I'm sure glad you found it," the boy grinned; "Pa gave it to me to carry, and I'd have felt awful if I'd lost it."

The man was not profuse in his thanks but the anxious lines left his face as he carefully dropped it into the gaping mouth of an old empty purse. "Made me a bit blue for a minute," he confessed; "it was all we had, besides our tickets."

Leaving the train the man gathered his family around him, reassuring his wife with a nod. And Harold found the Girl waiting for him, with a smile.

It was a happy day. Fathers surprized their sons with feats of agility and exactness. Cotton coming from the trees fell like confetti on the scene. Harold finished second in the elders' race and the Girl pitched horseshoes brilliantly, only to lose on the last toss.

At noon Harold saw the little family at lunch. A bottle of pop was at every plate and the baby played with a balloon. The children relished the food which looked fresh from a country garden. He thought how different from the dainty menu She had prepared. All day the family and the dollar haunted him, until, late in the afternoon, when he saw the smallest maiden spending what he thought must be the last nickel of that wondrous dollar, his eyes filled with tears.

The day over, all too soon, the special left for the city, carrying a tired, but contented burden. Babies slept. Mothers smiled at torn shirts and soiled dresses. Fathers nursed bruises and aches. Harold glanced at the Girl. She seemed as fresh as in the morning. He wondered if she ever wearied, if the smile would ever be dimmed.

"We've had a glorious picnic!" she breathed at parting.

"Yes, indeed," he smiled.

Suddenly, she caught him unawares: "Harold, you *gave* the man that dollar this morning, didn't you?"

He would have denied but her eyes told him that she, too, had felt the joy of life this day. "Yes," he admitted, "I did."

"I knew it! I knew it! I've felt it all day. It was noble and good of you, Harold."

"Oh, no, it was just a dollar."

"Yes, to us it was just a dollar, but to a family of seven—it was twenty nickels."

Salt Lake City.

May Days

May is a month of rejoicing, for the tears that April shed
Have transformed the earth which seemed desolate
With flowers o'er which we tread.

May is a month of promise for the Summer that is to come
Ladened with fruits from God's store-house,
When plenteous harvest is done.

Forgotten the chill of December, forgotten the ice and snow,
For our hearts demand pleasant reminders
In the beautiful things that grow.

The Winter has his graces and many enjoy his moods,
But the sunshine of May, and the bright warm days
Hold promise of roses and June.

Rogers, Arkansas. MRS. OTIS GEISE

WILD LIFE OF THE FOREST

By Benjamin Swapp

It is "a day of clouds and thick darkness." A forest fire is raging through the hills "like the morning spread upon the mountains. As a great people, set in battle array," the flames advance, and the appearance of them is as horses, and as horsemen, so do they run. Like the noise of chariots on the tops of the mountains do they leap; they run like mighty men; they climb the wall like men of war; and they march every one on his way. They break not their ranks; neither dost one thrust another; they march every one on his path."

"* * * O Lord, to thee will I cry, for the fire hath devoured the pastures of the wilderness, and the flame hath burned all the trees of the field. Yea, the beasts of the field pant unto thee; for a fire devoureth before them, and behind them a flame burneth; the land is as a garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness."

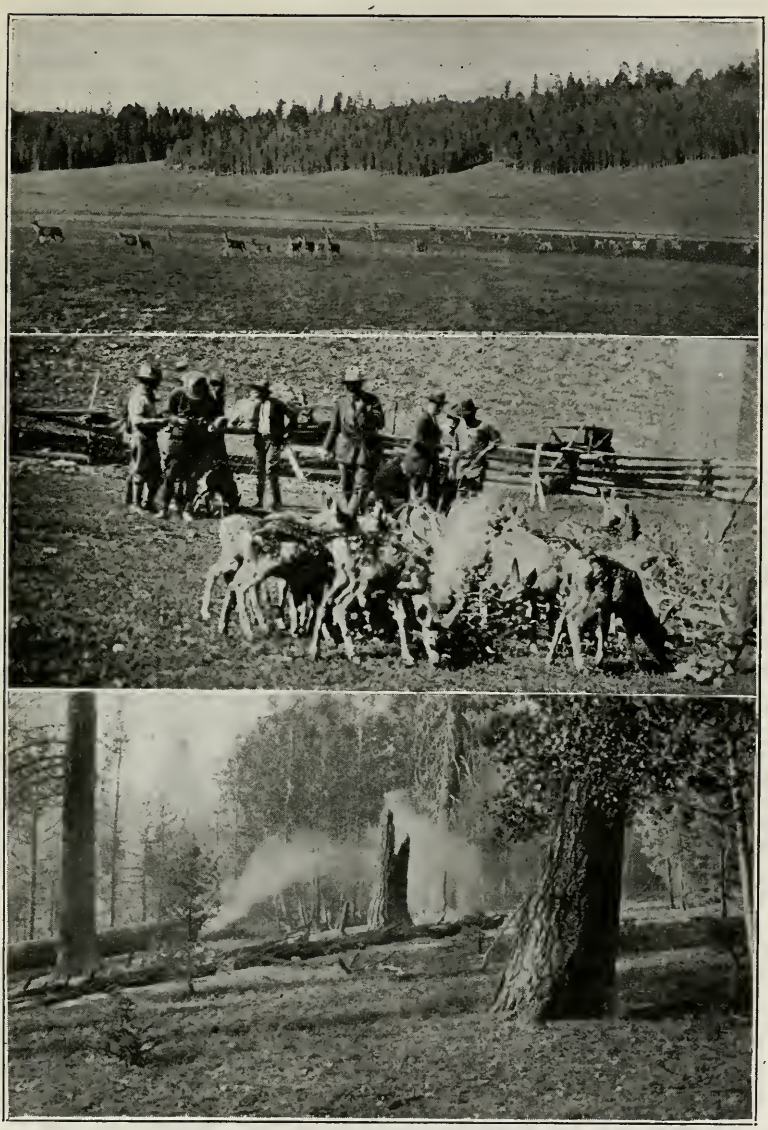
* * * * * *

Thus doth Joel describe that scourge of all living things, the forest fire. Joel knew, as all woodsmen know, that fire is the enemy of the forest. This article attempts to set forth the manner in which fires affect game, fish and all other wild life, and to point out certain fundamental ideas which must underlie successful conservation, both of forest and of game.

Severe fires sometime surround and destroy large game, or grown animals and birds and kill them outright; but the greatest damage occurs through the destruction of eggs and young, and the ruin of coverts, without which game falls an easy prey to vermin and hunters. Fire also causes important disturbances among the food plants on which the game is dependent.

Instances of outright destruction of game by fires are numerous and reveal some unanswered and puzzling questions as to the actual effect of fire and smoke upon the mind and behavior of animals. The following is quoted from a report by W. T. Cox on the big fires of 1902 in Washington and Oregon: "In the dense smoke hundreds of grouse, quail and Mongolian pheasants were surrounded by fire and roasted to death. Hundreds more had their wings scorched, and now upon the blackened floor of the forest fall an easy prey to prowling vermin. Large and small mammals fared no better. Carcasses of deer, bear, cougars, and lynx have been found, and literally thousands of dead squirrels. Wolves and lynx are appearing in unusual numbers since the fires, evidently attracted by the numbers of ready-prepared roasts to be had in the forest."

It is safe to say that the direct loss of mature game is heavy in



Above: Deer grazing in an opening of the forest.
Center: Feeding young deer.
Bottom: A forest fire in action.

large fiercely burning fires, but for the country as a whole such loss is slight compared with the loss of eggs and young, which take place in every fire, even the so-called "light ground-fires." The salient point about the loss of young and eggs is that in most regions the fire season corresponds with the breeding season and accordingly must destroy all the eggs and young of ground-nesting birds on the burned area, as well as many of the fawns, which during that season are young and are left "cached out" while their mothers seek water and forage. Spring burning of stubble, brush patches, ditch banks, and waste corners of farms not only make a clean sweep of eggs and young of quail, but leave the old birds without cover at the exact time of season when livestock has usually grazed off all the corners of the unburned ground or else the farmer has plowed it up. Then comes the spring migration of hawks and the spring activities of house cats and vermin. The birds are either exposed and defenceless or else so crowded into some little island of cover that breeding is impossible.

Sportsmen will not solve the problem of quail production until every farmer is persuaded or paid to leave cover, spring cover, on the waste corners of his farm; until spring burning and vermin are controlled in the interest of game, and until refuges are established and winter feed provided to insure the survival of seed stock. Universal appreciation of these truths would produce more quail than a universal year-long closed season throughout the United States.

It is only too true that upon areas where fires have occurred that all browse and young plant life has been burned and killed; once the ground is laid bare erosion begins to make inroads upon the surface, the new plant life is inferior and in many cases useless to game. The browse which the fire destroys is of great importance, because it furnishes the winter feed.

Forest conservation not only preserves the forest from fire but provides food and shelter for game animals and birds, preserves the ground cover which regulates the flow of streams, the pasturage of large numbers of domestic animals, and building materials for homes and industries.

The practice of forestry on these lands likewise provide berries and game food. Berries come in when the sunlight reaches the soil, and the cutting of mature timber in any producing forest lets the sunlight in upon the soil at the end of each generation of trees. Thus berries and other sun-demanding food plants are a normal part of the producing forest, and are better distributed from the standpoint of game production when they arise from cuttings than when they arise from regions swept by fire. This is why fires destroy game and wild life and why game conservationists must ally themselves with forest conservationists before either can accomplish much in the way of protecting our resources. This community of interest induced by the existence of a common enemy is, however, only part of the story.

There are deeper and more significant reasons why forestry and game management must work together and learn from each other.

The fundamental thing in both game and forestry is that we, the public, must grasp the idea of production. If conservation does not mean production, then it means nothing at all. I do not mean production alone, but production through use. The true meaning of conservation is to conserve or preserve from injury and to utilize the resources through regulated use, which protects the resources against the onslaught of fires, the law breaker, the individual who would gladly cut the last tree, kill the only surviving wild goose or duck, shoot the last remaining deer, or crop the last spear of forage, and smile at the great devastated regions stretched out before him. The former needs our cooperative support, the latter our earnest attention.

Kanab, Utah.

My Mother

When but a lad of two or three,
When Mother held me on her knee,
'Twas then she chased away my fears,
Bound up my wounds, and dried my tears.
These mem'ries linger with me yet—
So at this time, I'll not forget
My Mother.

Among the things she did for me:
She risked her life that I might be,
And strove to teach me in the ways
That I should walk in after days.
Enough for me she could not do;
That was the spirit, through and through,
Of Mother.

She taught me to avoid the strife
And evil things that crowd man's life;
She taught me to refrain from lies;
Tobacco and strong drink despise.
If I do this, then I will live
A clean, pure life, and credit give
My Mother.

May her life's years, as on they speed,
To happiness and pleasures lead.
May I be found in virtues way,
And make the best of life today.
If I a useful life can live,
I know that I will pleasure give
My Mother.

Provo, Utah. C. H. DURRANT.

THE CHOICE

By Weston N. Nordgran

[A young man addicted to the use of tobacco was bluntly told by his girl that he must choose between her and tobacco. If there were more girls like Barbara Lane, there would be more young men like Basil Andrews. This simple narrative tells the true story.—*Editors.*]

Barbara Lane was worth winning. There could be no doubt about it. She was "good to look at," clever, accomplished, a good mixer, and a real homemaker.

Thus thought Basil Andrews, as he trudged home with dragging feet and a heavy heart. But why was she so set against him smoking tobacco? Why didn't she nag at her father, old George Lane, or her brothers? They all smoked, except it was Tom, aged fifteen. Why did she let her brothers smoke in her presence, and not him, Basil Andrews? What was the answer?

Then he remembered the words she had spoken: "Tobacco is an evil. I will not have it in or near my future home. I do not like to think of it as my rival; but it comes to that! For you, it will be tobacco—or me! I must let you decide, as it will be you who will be most affected. If you choose the weed, then I will not see you again. It is for you to decide. Tobacco has the start, for you already smoke, and heavily, too. Your hands shake—your very breath is impure! However, I can even things up a bit. I love you and I will abide by your decision, if you are manly about it. Good night!"

That was it. Brief, terse, frank. It was just like her. "I can even things up a bit. I love you." Ah! What a wife she would make! What a girl for a companion! But—it meant giving up tobacco—or her! Oh! Was there ever before such a test? Well—he would think it over.

That night as he prepared for bed, he thought things over carefully, and after seriously weighing the evidence on both sides, he decided to pray to the Lord for guidance. He remembered with a start, and not a little shame, that it was the first time in months he had thus communed with his Maker. "Let's see," he mused, "it has been five—no, six months since I prayed last! Heavens! I quit the night I took my first cigarette! Why, I tremble like a leaf, and I've almost forgotten how to pray!"

He knelt down by the bedside, and poured out his soul, and asked for divine guidance, not on whether or not he should quit smoking, but as to the method he should pursue in order to rid himself of the evil habit.

The next morning, as he rolled out of bed, he automatically

reached for his package of cigarettes, and holding one in his mouth, was about to apply a match to it, when he remembered his resolve of the night before. The craving was great, but his word was sacred; especially so, when given to God. He threw the unlighted cigarette and the package into the ash can, and dressed hurriedly.

As Basil went out into the brisk morning air he came face to face with the fresh April sunshine. His chores were soon disposed of, and as soon as he had eaten a hasty breakfast, he went to work on a division fence which he was constructing to facilitate the pasturing of his sheep, during the coming Summer. He ate no dinner, and by night, he was so tired and nervous, and he trembled so violently, he could hardly do his evening chores. He cut his supper short, and once again sought relief in earnest prayer. When he arose from the bedside, he was calm, and a spirit of peace possessed his soul. His prayer had been answered. He had heard a voice speak clearly: "Why not go on a mission?" Why not, indeed? It would be just the thing! He would be away from the old crowd, and free from many temptations. He would be helping the Lord, while the Lord helped him! He went to sleep that night, calmer, and rested better than he had for many months.

Bishop Lawton was much surprised the next morning, when he opened the door in response to a knock, and found that his caller was none other than Basil Andrews. He was still more astonished when he found out the object of the visit, and the subsequent payment of a large amount of back tithing, to be credited to the same young man. Then Basil began his story: "Bishop Lawton, I want to go on a mission. It doesn't matter where, but I want to go, and the sooner the better for me. I have enough money to pay my way, and I have several reasons for wanting to go now. I want to marry Barbara Lane, but she objects to me, as long as I smoke. I have decided to quit tobacco, and it is going to be hard for me. I believe that it will take both the Lord and me to win this battle, and so I want to help him while he is helping me. I have prayed sincerely, and I know it will be the right way. If I am worthy, I would like to go, and I am ready now."

The bishop grasped Basil's hand, and wringing it sympathetically, said, "Basil, you have done the right thing. You have chosen the right, and it shall be as you desire. You shall go on a mission, and proclaim the everlasting gospel to all who will listen, and to many who won't. If you are diligent, you will do much good. But you will have many temptations. I promise you in the name of Jesus Christ, that if you are faithful, and prayerful, and humble enough, you shall overcome all evil, and you will have much joy and happiness." Basil thanked the bishop, and went away with a light heart.

The news that Basil Andrews was to go on a mission to Great Britain, caused a hubbub of excitement in the little village, and his

farewell party was well attended. Basil had gone straight to Barbara Lane, as soon as he received his call, and had told her of his choice. She was overjoyed, and had spread the news as soon as possible. Thus many came that night that otherwise would not have come had they heard of the event in a more ordinary way, or over a longer route. When Basil was called upon to make a few remarks, he stood up before the people, and in a straightforward way, he told them of the evil habit that he was trying to break, and of his method of breaking it. He explained that in asking the Lord's assistance, he had acquired a debt that he hoped to partially pay off, by going out into the world to proclaim the gospel to the nations of the earth. After the meeting, he was given congratulations, encouragement, and a rousing send-off by the faithful older members of the Church. Some of the younger set scoffed and told him that they would miss him, and that he would be losing two years of his life. He replied that he knew that he was in the right, and that he would spend the two best years of his life in the service of God.

Basil's missionary experiences were about the same as many other young men of Zion have had in the service of the Lord. He received all varieties of treatment imaginable, but he was brave, humble, and prayerful, and so he did not falter in the truth. When doors were slammed in his face, he would remark, "Another door closed between Lady Nicotine, and me." In many instances, Basil's ability to play the violin and piano, won an opening for the gospel truths that otherwise would have been denied him. He had a rich tenor voice, and before long he made a hit wherever he went, and was often invited back, by those who would not tolerate a "Mormon" before.

At first, the craving for tobacco was so great that he became thin, pale and haggard. At times, he was nervous, and dispeptic. Then he would fast and pray, and deliver tracts, or study the Church works. As time went on, these spells became less troublesome, and after the first six months in the mission field, they ceased altogether. Then, indeed, did he throw himself, heart and soul into the Lord's work, so that when the time came for his release, he felt as if he had just begun to live his life in God's own appointed way. He stayed at the mission headquarters in Liverpool, for a week after his release, testifying to all who came, of the truth of the gospel, of the divinity of Christ, and of his own faith, and the benefit he had derived from his mission. Then he sailed for home, and arrived there late in the Summer. He felt that his mission had been a success, and that he Lord had caused him to profit by it.

He was called upon the stand to deliver his homecoming speech, the next Sunday. His welcome home had rivaled his send-off, and he was deeply touched and very grateful. As he stood before the assembled throng, many of whom were from surrounding towns, and

villages, he looked taller and broader than when he went away. In very truth, he was "every inch a man," and a "pillar of strength unto God." He gave some very interesting missionary experiences, and told of the overwhelming joy that came to a missionary when he knew that he had helped to start an honest soul on the straight and narrow path to eternal peace and progression. He told of the need of the world for more "Mormon" missionaries, and ended his talk by reading the song, "Send the light."

* * * * *

Two years have passed since then, and Basil is the proud owner of a three hundred acre farm, beside numerous other properties. He says that his wife, Barbara, and their little son fill the old homestead with love and happiness. There is an indescribable feeling of joy and contentment over that household.

Old George Lane and his sons have all quit smoking. They are now supporting young Tom on a mission with their earnings, of which a goodly share formerly went for tobacco. Surely "Truth liketh good companions, therefore do no evil."

Monroe, Utah.

Mother is Praying For Me

No matter which part of the country I'm in,
  Or what distant land I may roam,
I still see before me a dear little spot
  Where the roses creep over the home.
I remember the counsel, wisely given,
  By a mother as kind as could be;
And no matter how far from the home I stray,
  I know she is praying for me.

Chorus:

I've a home, sweet home, and wherever I roam
  Comes a memory that's sacred and dear,
'Tis the face of my mother, tender and true
  And her advice still rings in my ear.
Whether I'm out where the billows may roar,
  Or as sick as a mortal can be,
'Tis oh, such a comfort, and soothes me so much
  To know she is praying for me.

But sometimes my troubles pile up in a heap,
  Or misfortune awhile shadows me.
I find some way out of my troubles, somehow,
  Through the prayers of that mother for me.
Some day I'll go back to that sweet, sunny spot,
  To that sweet hallowed place o'er the sea;
I'll be to my mother a true loving son.
  I know that she's praying for me.

Menan, Idaho. ELSIE M. LARSEN.

A "SPEEDING" CURE

By Glen Perrins

Probably the same spirit that causes the modern youth to "step on the gas," existed years ago in the breast of Jimmy.

Jimmy, a young lad on the farm, was always in a hurry. He was a person who was on the go, always rushing somewhere. Then, when he got there, he did not know what to do, so he went on again.

His father had cautioned him against driving the horses so fast, but the advice did not seem to "take"—Jimmy often gave the horses the rein, that is, before his cure.

The bad habit was stopped one Summer afternoon when Jimmy was driving a team hitched to a load of hay. From that day to this he has "slowed down."

"Well," said Jimmy, on that eventful day, "this is the last load of hay that we'll drive to the barn today.

"Giddap, Bess. Giddap, Prince."

And with this, Jimmy slapped the long reins upon the backs of the horses and started for the barn.

The breeze was cool. Jimmy was in a hurry. How much better, he thought to himself, it would be to go faster and get even more cool.

"Faster!" he cried to the horses. "Faster!" and he brought the reins down on their backs again.

Bess and Prince knew they were not supposed to break into a run. They had been obedient horses up to this time. But they had worked hard all day, and were nervous.

Taking their bits in their mouths, they galloped toward the barn. They would show their young master!

"We'll give him speed enough this time," they thought as they galloped along.

At first Jimmy was thrilled at the speed. He shouted and waved his hat. The load of hay was a fine spring, a soft rest for his feet. He enjoyed being bounced along. He felt as safe as he had at home years ago when as a youngster he had bounced on his mother's feather bed.

Soon, however, his face took on a serious frown.

He did not mind the hayrack swaying dangerously from one side to the other. It reminded him of a rocking deck of a ship during a storm. Jimmy would have been a brave sailor.

What had frightened him was the distant "too-too-toot" of the express train that was coming down the track.

Jimmy must cross the rails a mile or so ahead.

Bess and Prince did not realize their danger, or, if they did.

they could not stop the lumbering hayrack. They were running down sort of an incline and perhaps the load had the best of them.

How the young driver wished that he might slow down!

"Why, O why!" cried Jimmy, "was I in such a hurry? This is the last load of hay. I had plenty of time * * I know I will be punished for whipping up the horses. * * "

As the galloping team neared the railroad crossing, Jimmy could hear the bell ringing. The whistle of the express sounded out, shrill and full of warning.

But it was too late. Jimmy could not stop the team. He had been in too big a hurry. * * Now they had the best of him.

Jimmy's first thought was to jump.

"I'm going too fast for that," he cried, half aloud.

Again he tried to stop the horses, but he could not. He knew the train was going to hit them; he felt it in his bones.

On came the express.

When within about fifteen feet from the track Jimmy put his hands over his eyes. The next instant he felt himself skidding through space at a terrific rate.

There was a grinding of the brakes and the giant wheels of the express came to a stop * * just a few yards away from where Jimmy lay.

Jimmy had escaped. He lit on the load of hay which had jarred off as the hayrack hit a bump just before the railroad crossing.

Luckily, too, Bess and Prince got safely across the track, and were by that time almost to the barn.

* * * * * *

It was a sad and repentant Jimmy who walked slowly to the barn that evening.

"Lucky for me I'm still alive!" he said half to himself. "No more speeding, being in a hurry. I'm cured!"

Bits of Philosophy

Explanation is more effective than declamation.

The simple joys are the great enduring joys.

We are perfect when we are doing all we can to become perfect.

It is when we serve someone more than self that we develop our better self.

Argument is what we resort to when we have nothing to say and still insist on saying it.

Philosophy is what we think about God; religion is what we feel and know about him.

Opportunity is a mysterious something which can be found in a proper mixture of knack, tact and brain sweat.—*Nephi Jensen.*

THE FORMAL OPENING OF BRYCE CANYON, SEASON OF 1925

By Grace Wharton Montaigne

I

A "Once Upon a Time Story," with a resume of many striking points of interest in that fairy place, thrown into a personal setting for narrative form. Dedicated to the better knowledge of our state. A little child who saw fairies at work.

Copyright 1925, Frank Beckwith, Delta, Utah.

"It is the face of General Ulysses S. Grant," cried the little girl in great glee.

As Governor Dern's auto sped up the easy slope of Red canyon on the way to make formal opening of Bryce for the season of 1925, his thoughts were intent on the set speech he was going to make, and he passed "The Portals" unheeding; even the varicolored "Ambassadors" (whose purpose, there placed, was to indicate the greater splendors beyond) were not even so much as glanced at.

The car smoothly purred onward toward the first tunnel; but there they found gates thrown across the way and passage barred by chains of ferns and ropes of roses, forbidding entry. As his car came to a full stop, a little fairy clad in light and airy dress, golden star in forhead, and wand in hand, tripped lightly to the car; she mounted the running board and said:

"Who would enter the confines of our realm and pass the barred gates without sanction of our Queen Chromatasia?"

With easy courtesy the Governor replied:

"Fair maiden, take word to your most gracious sovereign, that it is I, Governor Dern, Chief Executive of the Commonwealth of the State of Utah, who craves permission to enter these realms, long heralded of men."

The fairy disappeared around the cliff.

The Fairy Queen Enters

In a moment, surrounded by a troupe, the queen advanced, regal of step and stately mein; above her brow, instead of tinsel coronet, she wore an ivory miniature done in color, her own handiwork, a replica of her domain at Bryce, of one of the beauty spots chiselled by gnome and tinted by fairy. So entrancing was the scene that the Governor could scarce wrest his gaze from its beauty to the fair face below as he bowed his obeisance and said:

"Beauteous Queen, Governor Dern and retinue would fain enter upon your domains. We come not in commerce nor in trade; none will destroy, none deface. But, Oh Queen, I have among my people one who draws with light in a box, on the instant snapping of a shutter, scenes which took your merry elves eons to chisel; another paints with pigment, fixing hues in frozen form to the delectation of all who behold; and yet another wields a pencil to make a story—these three assail each beauty spot that their work may give to other thousand eyes the joy of beholding your exceeding handiwork, if but your gracious consent be gained to our entreaty."

Spoke the Queen:

"Right welcome is Governor Dern and his retinue. Fairies, do you each drop a choice flower that you newly painted this morn into his car; Iris of the many hues, do you sit upon the Governor's right hand and bring to his notice all that may be seen of our realm on the journey to our castle. Ariel, dainty spirit, do you go to Old Carver of the Purple Cloak, in his deep and shadowy grotto, and bid him do our heed."

Unseen of the Governor she whispered tersely in the messenger's ear, and away he whisked merrily on a mission he joyed to see fulfilled.

* * * * * *

In the auto next following the Governor, the president of the Delta Chamber of Commerce rode, his aged father of eighty-two years, a Grand Army of the Republic veteran who had seen hospital service in the Civil war when a youth, and in the rear seat the little daughter, aged seven, whose eyes were still big with having seen the fairies; and on the seat beside her the story teller.

The little maid clasped her hands as it was all over and wistfully said: "Daddy, I wish fairies would meet our car."

In lieu of answer the daddy changed gears and on they sped.

(But maybe the fairies had a treat in store for the little girl better than a shower of roses—who can tell?)

* * * * * *

Story tellers see much and hear more. And then beg audience that the sweets of their vision may be tasted by others, for their eyes

will be clouded and their ears dulled if they impart not what the gift bestows. So the story teller snuggled up to the little maid and said, "That first place we passed back yonder was 'The Portals.' That is the outlying post of Queen Chromatasia's realms; and just beyond that, where I told you to look closely, the large colored rock there near to the road, was 'The Ambassadors,' and their retinue. Long, long years ago, when Queen Chromatasia was about to be visited by a very rich and magnificent king, she sent from her throne in Bryce canyon two ambassadors to meet this royal party; she clad them in the rich vestments you see before you, fold upon fold, saying:

" 'Depart to the edge of our realm, and there sit in state, maintaining our station, that he and all other men who follow him may see in your splendor a hint of the richer magnificence of our own court.' And to this day those Ambassadors have sat there, obeying the behest of the Queen."

The Little Maid Sees Gnomes at Work

As the messenger Ariel sped from the Queen on his errand to Old Carver of the Purple Cloak, he chuckled oft and heartily; "O ho," quoth he, "some one deemed worthy is to see Old Carver at his work—Old Carver of the Purple Cloak whose work with tool in hand has never yet been seen by men. I wonder—hum-m-m, I wonder whom I'm to touch on the lids that they may see this sight?"

* * * * * *

At the throne of the Queen all eyes were turned on Governor Dern as he arose amid applause to make his speech; which gave the Queen just the opportunity she wanted, for her sharp eye spied the dainty Ariel tugging the unwilling old Carver from his deepest shade. As soon as placed where eyes brightened by a fairy wand could see, the messenger darted to the Queen's side.

"Go touch little Marion's lids, the girl of seven," said the Queen.

Instantly the little girl cried, "Oh, Daddy, how bright things are! I can see ever so clearly."

"Tush, tush, child," said the father, "the Governor is speaking."

As the little maid's eyes grew accustomed to the enlarged vision she saw Old Carver of the Purple Cloak. (For as all children know, little elves and gnomes, who work with chisel in hand and prying bar to loosen, haunt the deepest purple shadows of crevice and grotto, where their own purple blends best with the shadows, for they are all dressed in that hue that none may see—save those permitted.) Maid Marion saw him take his chisel in hand and rap it smartly with a tiny hammer; into the crevice thus started he inserted a wedge, and then followed with a tiny prying bar. As soon as the pry was started and began to give, he summoned a score of purple-clad little helpers from the inner recesses, and with a "Heave ho! Heave ho! a right

merry Heave ho!" they tugged and worked; the piece loosened, tottered, and fell with a crash!

"Oh, daddy, Oh, daddy! Look! I saw them! See what they've done! They've broken off that piece of rock—I saw them at it—and it leaves a face of—"

"Marion, hush, child; don't. The Governor is speaking, and don't you see you're interrupting?"

"But daddy, I saw fairy gnomes at work; I saw them carve away the rock and leave the face—(and here a joyful sob of pent up emotion caught the voice) the face of General Ulysses S. Grant."

At the name of the great commander, the grandfather, old G. A. R. veteran that he was, whipped erect to rigid "tenshun." Sixty-odd years flung themselves at him from out of memory's store. The scene was graven back in the sixties; the grandfather, then a young man, was serving in the hospital staff, carrying wounded to the dressing stations and ministering to the suffering. The night before the "Battle on the Ridge," his company had been told that on the following morning they would go into sharp action. His dearest friend, a private from his own home town, sat all that night driving a racing pen through a last fond farewell to a loved wife at home; in the morning, before the regiment moved into action, he presented himself to the young medical assistant, pale, wan, and haggard, and said: "I'm going to get mine today. I feel it."

"Tut, tut, man; you shouldn't give in to idle thoughts like that; cast it from your mind."

The other went on unheeding, "I've written this letter to my wife. If need be tonight, you mail it to her and send this watch to my ten year old boy."

Before the astounded stretcher bearer could reply he found himself alone with a missive in one hand, and a watch in the other, and the figure of his friend wending its way to the duty so forebodingly dreaded.

That night he gazed on the shattered face of his friend, whose body was riddled with secession lead.

"Orderly, mail this letter." To the Commanding Officer he said, "I turn this watch over to you sir, Jim's dead."

The grandfather's rigid position relaxed, the gray hairs bent in sorrow.

"Come, Marion," said the story teller, "let you and I walk apart."

(*Concluded in the next issue*)

Laughter

Laughter is cheap medicine
  Take it while you may
A philosophy not well understood,
  But one that's sure to pay.

San Diego, Calif. D. C. RETSLOFF

THE NEW NEBO STAKE L. D. S. SEMINARY, RECENTLY DEDICATED

AN AMERICAN INDIAN PAGEANT

By Victor Lindblad, Scout Executive, Cache Valley Council

This pageant was presented by the Boy Scouts of the Cache Valley Council at the Dansante Auditorium, Logan, Utah, on Thursday and Friday, March 4 and 5, 1926. Director Ralph Hubbard, emminent student and authority on Indian craft, was in charge. One hundred thirty-five boys danced in the pageant. The scouts were carefully trained for two weeks by Professor Hubbard before the staging of the pageant. All the performers were local boy scouts. The following program was carried out:

1. *Tribal Procession.*

2. *Sioux Circle Dance.* A social dance taken from Sioux and Crows. Women and children, young warriors and elderly people alike, all join in this dance, which consists of several steps, accompanied by social songs. The exact interpretation is not known.

3. *Ojibway Scalp Dance.* Performed by two large circles of dancers to the tom-tom. In this dance the boastful warrior acts out the story of his achievement.

The steps used in this dance are mostly of war origin such as the "Sioux hunting" step and certain stealthy advances supposedly directed toward a wounded enemy who lies in the grass ahead of the party.

4. *Devil Dance.* A young warrior has defied the discipline of his camp; in other words, is what we call a naughty boy. His taunts and threats eventually become unbearable to his people, at the end of which he is killed by a spear thrown from the onlooking crowd. A victory dance by three warriors is performed over his body, after which his implements and trophies are taken by these three performers. His spirit is thought to be earthbound. However, a "blood brother," which means a friend who has taken a vow to help at all times, which friend happens to have been in Spirit Land for several Winters, comes to the battle field and rescues the lost soul, taking him to the Shadow Land, at the edge of which a group of spirit relatives greet him.

5. *Sun Dance.* Large circle of dancers are called into action by a worshipful leader in their midst. Evolutions of this dance work to a gradual pitch of enthusiasm when a Black Spirit suddenly appears among them, terrifying them with such vicious conduct that they fade off from the field with shaking moccasins. Courageous ones attempt to come back on the field, hoping to overcome this spirit, but are unable to withstand his frightful power. A pure spirit answers the prayer and delivers them from the evil.

6. *Great Plains War Dance.* In which a large mass of warriors begin deliberately and sedately, gradually working up to topnotch fervor, after which there is an anticline in their emotions until only two warriors are left on the field. At a signal from these two, the entire dancing body divides into two opposing forces, who advance upon each other in threatening battle formation. A mad stampede closes the event.

7. *Diminutive War Dance.* An ambitious boy who has watched his elders in their dances aspires to the same art, but realizes at the same time that it is decidedly dangerous for one so young. The boy fears that his dancing

Scout Indian Pageant and Jamboree, as staged by the Scouts of the Cache Valley Council. Logan, Utah, under the personal direction of Professor Ralph Hubbard. Top: The chiefs as selected for special leadership and solo dances. Bottom: Entire cast of dancers, including scouts from almost every town in the Cache Valley Council: some boys riding over eight miles every night in order to take part in the mammoth pageant.

will call up the very spirits that inhabit the field when the tired warriors are present, and after dancing some moments, is aware that this is just what has happened. Fighting the spirits off as best he can, he flees from the field in a mad panic.

8. *Elk Mystery,* taken from the Ogalalla Sioux. This ceremony was performed in ancient times when the game had become scarce. It was done by several groups occupying a mile of level land, and because of its athletic nature was done by the strongest of the young men. It really amounts to an endurance dance.

9. *Ghost Dance.* Done under the leadership of Medicine Men. This dance is sometimes called the Buffalo Ghost Dance, inasmuch as there was a connection between its origin and the extinction of the American bison. Between the years 1888 and 1892, this dance swept like a religious revival over the Indian Reservations of North America. There was a belief that the old-time warriors and the herds of buffalo would return.

A prophet named Wovaka taught a wonderfully peaceful and constructive doctrine, he having given rise to this revival. However, in the dances, the performers seemed to fall in trances, at which time their bodies are supposed to be left untenanted, the spirits having wandered to the Shadow Land. A spirit appears among the fallen dancers who would stay to help them realize their great prayer, but who at the same time being all wise, finds himself drawn back to the Shadow Lands, leaving the devoted ones to their unfortunate fate.

Things As They Are

Take things, lad, the way you find them,
  Things familiar, things astrange,
Things contrary—never mind them,
  It is you—not they—must change.

Learn to take the days that come, lad,
  Rain or shine, just live it through,
Wind and cloud—there's always some, lad,
  But the smiling's up to you.

Take your friends just as they are, lad,
  Frail or faulty—so are you—
Some must make and some must mar, lad,
  Keep *your* friendship ringing true!

Learn to take life in its measure,
  Every moment big or small,
Be its quota pain or pleasure,
  Take it, lad, and live it all!

Mesa, Arizona BERTHA A. KLEINMAN

PIONEERS

Words and Music by P. D. GRIFFETH.

p

1. Exiles from home and country, Trudging o'er desert sand,
2. Here in the grand old Rockies, Close by the Inland Sea,

mf *f* *Rit.*

Braving the trials and hardships, Seeking a peaceful land.
"This is the place," said Brigham, "In vision shown to me.

a tempo.

Out on the western prairie, On to the mountains high, They
Here we will build our cit - y, And temple to our God—Build a

f

wander'd on in prayer and song, E'er ready to do or die— The
commonwealth by each one's help, And the strength of the mountain sod." The

ff

Pi - o-neers, brave Pi - o-neers, The faithful Pi - o - neers.

JOSEPH SMITH, AND THE GREAT WEST

Some Odd British Spies in the Rockies, and One Who Learned From the Mormon Battalion That His Game Was Up

By I. K. Russell, Author of "Hidden Heroes of the Rockies"

IX

A very recent newspaper dispatch tells of the raising of a large fund to work out certain gaps in American history. One of the most serious of such gaps we have dug into to get the material for the previous articles in this series. They dealt with the pro-slave politics of the sixty-year period preceding the Civil War, and showed that Utah was far from remote from that war.

It seemed almost, in fact, that the coming of Utah, California, New Mexico and Oregon into the Union precipitated the war, for the question of whether this new country was going to be pro-slave or free state was what worked the pro-slave hatreds to the boiling point.

It is well known that Brigham Young was advised from Washington to apply for admission of the State of Deseret, and that with this advice came a suggestion that the South wanted him so to apply, in order to give the North a bit of a sop while they cut up Texas into six pro-slave states.

While intrigue thus went on in America, it is becoming more and more known, England had a large stake in the outcome of affairs. We know that Jefferson Davis launched the Southern Confederacy in the hope that England would speedily intervene. The South hung on and on in the hope of British interference,—but it never materialized. A deduction, poking straight through the facts of the case, suggests a second great gap in American history for scholars to work out. The deduction is that if the Civil War had been launched at the time the Mormon Battalion was on its march to the west coast, England would have intervened. Men who appeared to be harmless travelers at the time now loom up as paid British spies, looking for strategic points at which to make trouble. England then thought she wanted California and was sure she wanted Oregon. And when things were approaching very closely to the state of an open rupture, the Mormon Battalion was moving into position to strike at England's troops on the Northwest coast, as the main body of Kearny's "Army of the West."

We know that these spies had been heading through the Rockies, from 1830 on, as the issue of America's far western border and northwest border grew in importance.

Our own Cache valley echoes the British occupation of the

Rockies, for it was so named by British trappers, who used its dry, sandy soil, as a place in which to cache their furs until they got enough for one of their gigantic overland pack trains, which—sometimes more than a mile in length—carried these furs down to the Columbia river for shipment to England. Ogden, Utah, echoes, again, the name of the British leader in that part of the country. We know that in Mormon Battalion days this same good Peter Skene Ogden was called hastily to London, there consulted on war maneuvers, and then was sent hastily back to fortify positions on the Columbia and suggest forts for other sites. A British naval lieutenant and an army lieutenant accompanied him, and marines were ordered to the Columbia river. Also a slogan was raised that "Every damned Yankee must be kept east of the Rocky Mountains."

While preparing data for the pre-pioneer history of Utah, which was published under the name of *Hidden Heroes of the Rockies*, I encountered many evidences of these clashes between British and American interests at the point where Rocky Mountain country became British country, according to their claim. And this point was at the Big Sandy, at the South Pass. As the Americans ordered to keep east of the Rockies, beat their retreat, I found they encountered American civilization first at Independence, Missouri. This was while Joseph Smith's people resided there. The American trappers came in with their furs every Summer from the first to the last of the "Mormon" occupation of Independence, and each year they re-outfitted at Independence to return to the mountains. They brought their cry for help with them. And of course it became of interest to see who would listen. Daniel Webster, the great statesman of New England, I found, was absorbed in the cod fish problems. Nova Scotia objected to American cod fishing boats drying their fish on the Nova Scotian sands. That was problem enough for Daniel. He ignored the cry coming to Independence out of the West.

The Southern leaders were too engrossed in the problem of breaking the Mason and Dixon line to pay any attention to cries about Oregon from bloody handed trappers. They wanted pro-slave territory and had marked out a swath to the west coast in what was called "pro-slave climate." It took in Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, California and Nevada. But did not take in Oregon. About that country they had no care. Who then would care? A re-reading of the life of Joseph Smith became of absorbing interest. He had called upon the Government to take Oregon, had asked the Government to let him go take it. He had canvassed candidates for president on that issue, and found all defective in answer. Then he had proposed his own presidential campaign based on the Oregon issue. He had, in fact, in his proposal to stand for the presidency, launched the issue which was sloganized as "Fifty-four forty or fight," and in that sloganized form elected Polk to the presidency.

Of the spies who ran hither and yon through the Rockies at that time, not all were British. Here we will introduce one of them. The others are Captain Stewart, who showed up at about every American camp in the Rockies, Lieutenant Ware and Lieutenant Vavasouer, of the British army and navy respectively,—and Americans were not missing. Such roles alone explain the otherwise ridiculous conduct of our own John C. Fremont, and Captain Bonneville of our own army, presumably on leave, and a fur hunter. In California there was Ermatinger, who made himself up to be such a perfect Spanish vaquero that Sir George Simpson, his own chief, did not know him when this chief arrived in California to take such steps that America could not grasp that country. This whole British enterprize beat a retreat out of California, Utah and Oregon just as the Mormon Battalion had carried an armed fringe for American progress into California. One of its important spies rode up through Mexico—made a forced Winter march to get into striking distance of the Oregon country—and then suddenly threw up all his interest in the Northwest. He encountered some Mormon Battalion detachments, and learned from them, near Pueblo, Colorado, that the British had given in without a fight.

This British spy has never been written up as such, to my knowledge, and for that matter neither have Fremont and Bonneville; and until their accounts were discovered as paid by the British army and the British navy, neither were Lieutenants Ware and Vavasouer ever considered to be spies. They hunted around in the Rockies, posing as gentlemen sports. They carried fine liquors, tooth brushes, and corduroy suits which startled the natives,—but they passed as sports and nothing more.

The particular spy whose journey we deal with here boasted the name of G. F. Ruxton. I bought a volume written by him merely because it carried the title "Esq." after his name. Knowing that no regular trapper and hunter ever would be guilty of using such a designation, I wondered why this one had. A very little reading convinced me the "Esq." was camouflage. For he landed in Vera Cruz on an interesting date, and immediately wrote down in a diary a small treatise on the Vera Cruz forts and their defendability. Like Kipling's soldier, who pretended to be a recruit but gave himself away by carrying his coat at once to the tailors to be refitted to his form; so this "Esq." gave himself away at once. None but a seasoned soldier could ever have written what he did of the Vera Cruz forts. A little later he was writing of mules—what only an experienced cavalryman could write. So I was sure I was dealing with a soldier—and a cavalry soldier, at that.

His voyage was simultaneous with our war with Mexico. I knew that at this same period there had been a general conference in London of the British High Command, both army and navy, at which

men from America in the British service were present. The conference had sent a commission out to see if Oregon was worth fighting for; to select fortification sites, and to open a trail for British settlers in Oregon. Sir George Simpson himself had rushed to Oregon, and then to California, as a result of that conference, and he had done his utmost to talk England into adopting his pro-war view.

Sir George had tried in California to buy that country from Mexico. If the same conference had done what it could hardly resist doing at such a moment—dispatch another agent to Mexico, to work northward and test Mexican sentiment as to joining England in a war with the United States—then this "Ruxton, Esq." would just fit into the essential scheme of things. I read on from the first half dozen pages of his book, convinced that I was dealing with another of those British officers of whom Sir George Simpson, Ware, Vavasouer, Ermatinger, and our own Peter Skene Ogden, were the others just then most to the fore. With this much of an introduction we can turn to the narrative of this curious "Esq." in person. All he tells us about himself—intentionally—is this mysterious bit: "It is hardly necessary to explain the cause of my visiting Mexico at such an unsettled period; *and I fear that circumstances will prevent my gratifying the curiosity of the reader, should he feel any on that point.*"

Ruxton, Esq., then launches us into the story of a narrative that started in Vera Cruz; was aimed for Oregon by way of Santa Fe, and ended abruptly in a total loss of interest when he collided with a Mormon Battalion detachment in the snows of north Taos. He notes of Vera Cruz, and that hardly a civilian annotation:

"The town still presents numerous souvenirs of the bombardment of De Joinville in 1839. The church towers are riddled with shot, and the destructive effects of shot are still visible in the heaps of ruins which are left untouched. The town was attacked by American troops under General Scott within ten months after my visit. I certainly left Vera Cruz under the impression that it was not a fortified place, with the exception of a paltry wall I have mentioned, which, if my memory serves me, *was not even loop-holed for musketry. The castle could have been carried by a frigate's boarders, having but 700 naked Indians to defend it.*"

We can now go on through Mexico with Ruxton, Esq., sharing a confidence that we have a military man and not a civilian to deal with, for all his outward pretenses. We also sympathize with the other pretenses of the same crisis,—Fremont pretending to be a scientist, as Bonneville before him had pretended to be a fur hunter, Ware and Vavasouer to be sports, and Ermatinger to be a Spanish vaquero.

"Nothing can, by any possibility, be conceived to be more like a soldier than a Mexican militarist," writes Ruxton of his meeting with the 11th Mexican regiment. He visits the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, but does not tell us the nature of the credentials that let him in. An aide-de-camp of the governor attended to that formality,

too. The visit enfuriated him with a sense of unpreparedness and he flayed all and sundry about it. He wrote:

"I pointed out to one of the officers of the garrison, that not the slightest discipline was apparent, scarcely a sentinel was on the lookout, although the American squadron was in sight of the castle, and an attack was hourly threatened. On one side the defenses were very weak; indeed, I saw no obstruction of sufficient magnitude to prevent a dozen boats' crews making a dash in the dark at the water-batteries, where at this time were neither guns nor men, nor one sentry whose post would command this exposed spot."

Our curious Esq. belabored the Mexicans about operating forts—and was disgusted with their answers: "Never, never fear, we are very brave here. If the Americans like to try, let them come."

He rushed on towards Mexico City, and noted every little military detail—almost nothing else. Many of the military details had to do with his own guns. For he entered a bandit-infested section and made note:

"Before starting on this dangerous expedition, and particularly as I carried all my baggage with me, (*being too old a soldier ever to part with that*) made a minute inspection of arms and ammunition, all of which was put in perfect order. I took my seat in the diligencia with a formidable battery composed of a double barrel rifle, a ditto carbine, two brace of pistols, and a blunder buss. Blank were the faces of my four fellow passengers when I entered thus equipped.

"They protested, they besought,—everybody's life would be sacrificed were one of the party to resist. It is not the custom, they said."

Here we have the determined Britisher—dismayed by no danger, ready to fight it out. From first to last Ruxton, Esq., never lost that character. He pressed on, no matter who warned him of Comanche, Navajo, Aapache, or bandit. He always depended on his arms and cared for his mules,—and the pride of his life was that when he at last reached American people his mules were in better shape than when he started.

Was it dangerous for an American to be seen in Mexico at that time? Ruxton, Esq., was seen, and he records of the Mexican City pulqueria district:

"Cries of 'Estrangero, Tejano, Yanque, burro' saluted me; I was a Texan, a Yankee, and consequently a burro,—a jackass. The crowd surrounded me—*aver el burro*,—to see the jackass. Seeing that affairs began to look cloudy, I rose and placing my hand on my heart, assured *los caballeros y las senioritas* that they labored under a slight error; that although my face was white I was no Texan, neither was I a Yankee nor a jackass, but *'Yngles, muy amigo a la republica*,—an Englishman very friendly to the republic. I told them that my affection for them and hatred for their enemies was too excessive to express; that to prove this my only hope was that they would do me the kindness to discuss at their leisure half an arroba of pulque."

And whose money was it, thus spent to get Mexicans loose on an anti-American pulque drunk? Direct evidence is lacking, but is

almost impossible to doubt that it was that of Johnny Bull, himself, in person.

"The tables were instantly turned," records Ruxton, Esq., "I was saluted with cries of *'Viva el Yngles! Que meueren los Yanques,'* —death to the Americans!"

It was in giving parties like this that Ruxton spent his time in Mexico City. Finally he outfitted with mules and pressed on.

As he rode, many fine adventures came his way—which only a soldier and a British soldier, could have discovered and enjoyed. Once he saw some young folks ahead. He deployed his mule packers —and charged as if in war. The males deserted the females who knelt down to implore him to save them. He found he had raised a picnic party, so he called to the men to come back—and enjoyed laughing at them for their valor. Again, he saw an antelope, and proudly spurred on his hunting horse. He chased it as a British fox hunter would. But at last when his horse came alongside of it he did not shoot it. The fun of the chase had been enough.

He came upon the dead and scalped bodies of Americans—and saw wild Indians in the distance. He threw his horses, pegged them down by the legs, and in this tiny fort laid out all his guns for ready action. He kept a sight on the breast of an Indian chief who rode close by his fort. Noting that he had not been observed by the chief, he let him ride by—thus covered. Always where British and Indians have met, the Indians have survived,—as they do in Canada today. The British officer was trained to rule subordinate tribes—not to kill them. He was even shot at by his own servant who hoped to steal his goods. But he only slapped the servant's face in punishment, and so cowed him that he ever after faithfully followed on. In Guajoquilla the goods of Ruxton, Esq., were stolen. He immediately flashed upon the officials such strong credentials that they turned out the whole town to hunt for them. And all were soon returned. Mysterious references to credentials that brought officials to his feet in humility after challenging a supposed American "burro," abound in the narrative. Often these same credentials brought him military escorts and reviews of local troops. Hardly any other credentials but those of the British government would have done this. At last he reached El Paso—under military escort. He found Colonel Doniphan—the fine-hearted Southerner who had been so friendly towards Joseph Smith, encamped near that town, with a Missouri regiment. They were "buddies" of the Mormon Battalion, who had struck south from Santa Fe, and so had left the Battalion to complete the march to California alone, of all the large bodies of troops in the Army of the West. And this supposed civilian comments thus on the Missourian as a soldier:

"The American never can be made a soldier; his constitution will not bear the restraint of discipline, neither will his mistaken notions about

liberty allow him to subject himself to its necessary control. Of drill and maneuvers the volunteers have little or no idea."

Ruxton, Esq., rode on to Santa Fe, and then proved he was merely keeping his civilian disguise to avoid formal acknowledgement, for he records that he met a deserter from the British army among General Kearny's troops. He writes:

"I saw at once that some of Kearney's soldiers had once worn another uniform than the American blue. I was accosted by one whom I immediately recognized as a man named Herbert, a deserter from the regiment to which I had once belonged. He had imagined that, as several years had elapsed since I had seen him, his face would not be familiar to me. He inquired for his brother who was still in the regiment, denying at first that he had been in the British service."

And on another occasion Ruxton also enjoyed hearing the stablemen at Fort Leavenworth discuss whether he was Indian or Spaniard, since he still wore his Mexican disguise. He records with what glee he heard one of the American cavalrymen designate the regiment and troop of cavalry he belonged to in the British army—he recognizing this soldier, also, as a British deserter.

Ruxton heeded no warnings to turn east—to keep out of the mountains. Oregon was calling him—by way of the South Pass. He encountered blizzards that killed others. His tough and stubborn British constitution saw him through. He camped where massacres had just occurred, and heard himself called an American pig and burro,—and learned that host after host to him had been killed a few hours after his departure. Through snowdrifts he plowed on—and so came upon "Mormons" of the Mormon Battalion. He was not glad to see them. Their going to California had meant death to whatever hopes England had of holding that country northward. For England had been thrifty and put 75,000 pounds as the total sum it was worth while rising in war for Oregon. He records:

"These 'Mormons' had left Col. Cooke's command on their way to California, and were now about to cross the mountains to join a large body of their people who were wintering on the Arkansas, intending to proceed to California in the spring. There were some twelve or fifteen of them, raw boned fanatics, with four or five pack mules carrying their provisions, themselves on foot. They started several hours before me, but I overtook them before they had crossed the mountain, straggling along, some seated on top of the mules' packs, some sitting down every few hundred yards, and all looking tired and miserable. One of the party was an Englishman from Biddenden in Kent, and an old Peninsular soldier. I asked him what could have induced him to have undertaken such an expedition. He looked at me, and without answering the question, said, 'Dang it, if I only once get hoam!'"

It is difficult to imagine worse traveling than Ruxton encountered on what he called the "Yuta trail." Deep snow and a wilderness of mountains were all he could see. He followed the "Mormons" on. He compared the cold to lower Canada. finding it worse than any

he had known there. A blizzard that gives one the shivers just to read about swept his camp. And next day he came upon the bodies of mules,—Mormon Battalion mules—frozen to death in the blast that had almost frozen him. And yet those brave "Mormons" had gone struggling on—muleless—towards their Pueblo camp. As for Ruxton—he turned eastward toward Leavenworth with a farewell note about Oregon, which he now knows has come into America's possession by agreement.

Was our Mexican war, aimed partly at England? Listen to Ruxton's estimate of it:

"The position taken up by Mr. Polk and his party with regard to Oregon involved, as a natural consequence, the probability of a war with England; nay more, if such position were persisted in, the certainty of war with that power.

"That a majority of the people, and all right thinking and influential classes, were opposed to measures as would produce such a rupture, was palpable.

"Therefore they looked about them for means of attaining their object, by blinding the eyes of the people as to their ulterior designs. Mexico was made the scape-goat.

"To bring affairs to such a critical condition on the Texan frontier that a 'state of war' could at any time be assumed, was the stroke of policy by which Polk hoped to blind the people. Profiting by it he hoped to make such preparations as would enable them to carry out their plans in connection with the Oregon question, and a probable war with England. They thought that, even if hostilities broke out with Mexico, that power would at once succumb: and that in the meantime the war fever in the United States would spread, and the people sanction an increase in the army and navy to make it available for *another purpose.*"

He notes the sudden settlement of the Oregon question *without war,* and departs for Canada and home. Thus passed through the Rockies one of a group of spies, which will have to be dealt with in detail to clarify the work for Oregon of Joseph Smith and his Nauvoo people.

Chicago, Ill.

For The Soul That Comprehends

There's a promise with every dawning,
  For the soul that comprehends,
As one by one, when night is done,
  The morn its gift extends.

There's gold in each ray of sunshine,
  For the soul that comprehends,
And gladsome cheer, with naught of fear,
  In the voices of its friends.

There's peace in the calm of moonlight,
  For the soul that comprehends,
As from the blue, to faith renew,
  It benediction sends.

Provo, Utah GRACE INGLES FROST

SAN FRANCISCO TO LENINGRAD VIA THE NORTH POLE

Main Highway of the Air to be in the Arctic Regions

By Elizabeth Cannon Porter

That most of the world's air traffic will be in the far north was the surprising statement of Captain D. M. Le Bourdais, who recently returned from Wrangel's island where the red flag of the soviet government of Russia is flying.

"This is because the great masses of land are in the north, and the shortest distance between the important cities of the world will be across the Pole," he explained. He went on to say that he expected this vast region of the almost unknown to become a network of air routes within the next decade.

The Arctic ocean he designated as the Mediterranean of the future, with all of the most important countries of the world bordering on it.

Another prophecy that the young explorer made was that we will purchase caribou steaks in the butcher shops, for, with the transportation problem solved, the wealth of the far north will flood the markets of the world.

Incidentally, the speaker destroyed some popular fallacies.

"It is not always cold in the arctic," said he. "In the Summer the thermometer frequently registers 90 or 100 degrees. It is the same sun, and in the summer it shines all the time." In proof of the mild atmosphere Captain Le Bourdais exhibited the pictures of young esquimaux clad in the lightest and most abbreviated fur costumes, resembling the sarong of the islander of the South Seas.

He also showed men harvesting potatoes in an Alaskan field within the Arctic circle. Another photograph was of fire flowers on which perched a butterfly. He corroborated the descriptions of travelers of the wild flowers of this region, telling of seventy different kinds found in one locality. The topograph much resembles in appearance the country which lies between Salt Lake City and the lake.

"We have witnessed the disappearance of the western frontier in our generation," he explained, "and some of us may see the opening of the northern frontier—the greatest of all time—a region aggregating 50 million square miles."

Despite the luxuriant growth of vegetation in the summer, neither cattle nor sheep can be maintained here because of the long winter which would necessitate feeding, the correspondent explained, but opined that fifty million reindeer might support life. From 1200

caribou originally brought from Siberia, there are now 400,000 in Alaska. To Sheldon Jackson belongs the credit of bringing the first of these animals to North America, he said.

The "horrible" Arctic regions Le Bourdais described as bonanzas of mineral wealth, their coal and oil deposits hardly touched; their rivers teeming with fish; the wastes bearing sumptuous furs.

"This will attract population, for people will go where it pays," he added.

How a woman lived when all the men died and was taken off as the sole survivor of Wrangel's island, was told in thrilling fashion by the Captain. She was an Esquimaux named Ada Blackjack. Esquimaux are necessary for the success of any far north exploration, explained the speaker, because they make the clothing which the men wear. Women Esquimaux are especially in demand as they manufacture the fur garments and soften the skins by chewing them with their teeth. So whole Esquimaux families frequently accompany the white men.

Four governments have successively vied for the possession of Wrangel's island, about sixty miles long, because of its strategic value for aviation.

Olaf Steffenson, who had spent five years among the Esquimaux, went for Canada on the largest expedition. His flagship was caught in the ice and carried toward Siberia. It was finally crushed in an ice jam 60 miles northeast of Wrangel's island, which was then unoccupied. Steffenson was on shore hunting caribou when it happened. The crew stood in the darkness of a January, taking off supplies on to the floating ice. Because of the currents, the ice buckled and would only freeze for about seven feet. There were 25 men in the crew. They separated into groups of four men each. One party consisted of the surgeon, the oceanographer and the anthropologist. Two of them had been with Shackelton to the South Pole. The scientists with one sled and supplies for 50 days, endeavored to cross the 170 miles to Siberia. They were never heard of again. Of the others who tried to make Bartlets', eight lost their lives, including a party of four sailors.

Kellog originally took up the island for the British as early as 1849. It was not followed up, however. In 1851, John Muir and others went there. Carlot tried it in 1914, when the war broke out. In 1921, Mauer, survivor of the Carlot expedition, interested a Canadian, Allan Crawford, to go with several friends. At the northern outpost they engaged Ada Blackjack, the Esquimaux woman who was to prove herself such a heroine.

They expected to engage other Esquimaux at Siberia but were disappointed in this. A relief ship was to come for them the next year. By some misadventure the vessel did not arrive. The four men had found hunting poor, and expecting help, had not laid in

proper supplies for the second winter. Therefore, when its night closed in on them and they feared starvation ,they decided to make a break for Siberia, although traveling in the winter time is usually avoided in the north. They left the woman to nurse Knight, who had scurvy and could not go with the others. All lost their lives. The man who had been left behind and was faithfully nursed by the Indian woman died in June. It was still "no man's land."

When the ship did finally arrive they found the woman there alone. The crew took her away and left Charles Weelt and twelve Esquimaux to hold the island.

In the meantime Steffenson, going to Australia, and wishing to pay off some of his expeditions, approached Carl Lamon, the millionaire reindeer king of the north, and asked him, "How would you like to take Wrangel island off my hands? Send ships there and raise the American flag?"

Loman took him up on it and engaged the *Hermit* with its skipper, Louie Lane, well versed in the navigation of the north. It was on this boat that Captain Le Bourdais made the trip. However, they were only two days out of Nome, Alaska, when the crankshank broke. They had to put back to that port for repairs. It was Sept. 7—late in the season, for the far north—when they finally got under way. On the 15th of the month he sighted the islands.

"Wrangel's in sight," cried the lookout.

"Sure enough, there it was, a black perpendicular cliff looming through the fog. Next day it began to snow and snowed steadily for three days."

They could discern the south coast line, a glistening belt of ice, thirty-five miles in width. Behind this loomed the mountains. After an eight day vigil they came within six miles of the shore. But the skipper was afraid that his ship would get caught and be frozen in for the winter, so towards night he would make for the open sea. After three terrific days of storm the crew ran out of drinking water. They melted ice. said Captain Le Bourdais.

They found that they could approach Herald Island, a smaller body of land 38 miles east of Wrangel, with greater safety so they approached it, landed, and took possession of it for the United States. After raising the American flag, the men, with Captain Le Bourdais acting as scribe, wrote a proclamation claiming the land for the United States government, placed it in a bottle, and fastened it to a cliff.

Four miles beyond they espied a little gravel beach. Always on the lookout for any possible sign of life, it was suggested that they explore the beach. Through his powerful glasses one man reported:

"I see a sled on the beach and what looks like a camp. It is about 200 yards in front of the slate cliff." Accordingly they went there. On arrival they found the tracks of polar bear and arctic foxes.

By the sled they found the bones of a man, thigh, shoulder blades and jaw. The latter they brought back to try and identify by the dental work in the teeth. On the sled were cans of pemmican, a gun, rusty, but with a plentiful supply of ammunition, indicating that the party had not perished from want. Nearby, in a fur sleeping bag they found the skeletons of four men, intact, except for the skulls, which were gone.

With them they had matches, stove and bedding. The discoverers attributed their deaths to the fact that they must have lain in the track of the winds of this region, been enveloped by a blizzard, and smothered with snow.

On their return to the ship, the second mate, an Englishman inured to the hardships of the north, remarked that he would give anything for one day under the skies of the blue Mediterranean.

Although they had grown to expect a daily catastrophe, the worst yet awaited them. A fire was discovered in the engine room, close to where 200 gallons of gasoline and 200 gallons of oil were stored, The men formed a bucket brigade. While the mate dipped a bucket into the sea another pulled it over the side and handed it to a man who passed it along a line until the end man poured it on the flames. It did not occur to the crew to desert the ship, for it was their one hope of escape from the grim clutches of the north. A second man was detailed to dip, and the others redoubled their speed, expecting any moment to be blown to atoms. The extra water quenched the flames and they put the fire out. Luckily the lights had lasted through the horror.

On their return to Nome the first question that greeted them was, "Did you see the Russians?" Never having landed on Wrangel's island, they had not. The Russians had passed through three weeks before, planted the red flag of the Soviet government, and arrested the party they found on the island, two of whom had died. The Reds deported the men to China where they were finally taken care of by the Red Cross in Manchuria. Although the Soviets confiscated their pelts which they had accumulated in the fozen north, they got restitution for some of them. Among the furs were 157 white foxes and 40 polar bear skins.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Here And There

There would be no "sexy" magazines printed if there were not people who are willing to buy them.

Money is a disease. A man took a bag of it once and was confined in one room for ten years.

We forget the beauty of the rainbow when we run to seek the gold at its end.

Those who are entirely wrapped up in themselves make very small packages.—D. C. R.

PUTTING THE MUTUAL READING COURSE ACROSS

By Fred G. Barker, Editor of "Forty-Minute Plays From Shakespeare"

Preliminaries. It is assumed that the Mutual Presidents have announced clearly in open Mutual and on more than merely one occasion the *name of the books,* also where the books can be purchased, where the books can be borrowed, and that all members of the association are expected to read them.

Next, to give an impetus to the reading itself: First call attention to the reading of the books in as striking and memorable a way as you can. Have four members of the Mutual read for one preliminary program four of the most interesting short episodes in the life of John Wannamaker, announcing at the close that *The Biography of John Wannamaker* is one of the books on the M. I. A. Reading Course that is to be read *by all Mutual members* before June, 1926. A striking introduction to Pappini's *Life of Christ* can be planned in the same way; the four strongest descriptions of familiar incidents in the Christ life that the book contains. The readers need offer neither explanations nor estimations; the passages themselves will stand out as clear examples of the excellent reading material found in these books. Similar introductions may be given to the other books. One of the *Forty-Minute Plays from Shakespeare* may be read by a group of members, or by a single dramatic reader. Either the playlet of "Falstaff and Prince Hal," or the playlet of "Bottom," from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," would be short enough for a preliminary program.

Second, hands should be called for in general assembly, and also in the classes, of those who have commenced the reading. Record should be kept of the members who have finished each of the books. Announcement should be made of the first mutual member to finish each book. A competition should be established between the mutual classes to see which class will first read 25, 50, and 75 per cent of the reading course. Such a competition needs no trophies, but it does need sufficient attention and regular enough inquiry of the classes, for the President to be able to announce progress and the winners of the per cents.

Reading Progress. Now it is taken for granted that the members have begun to read or that a strong desire to read has been established in them. How can reading best be done? There are two ways by which an extended course in reading can be finished in schedule time. The first is by interjecting group assistance every second or third week. This method is helpful especially to younger classes. It is a way of procuring a sort of *socialized reading* of a chapter or two and crediting all the members of the class with the reading of that part of the book. The book of plays offers perhaps the most natural application of this method. Assign the roles in a short play, to the various members of the class, and have them play the play (in imagination) right in their seats. The enjoyment of such group reading is independent of scenery, lighting, costumes, or audience; for the *actor* never sees the scenery or watches the stage effects; he is part of the play, not part of the audience. And all of the Mutual class taking part in such a classroom reading are actors, not audience. One member is the stage manager and prolog, all the rest take a role, and if there are more roles than players, some of the players have two roles.

The Gospel of St. Matthew lends itself to a like group method of reading; only the number of readers is differently determined, and the casting

is not quite so obvious. Have one class member read the words spoken by Christ. Have another read the descriptions of the incidents, assuming let us say, the character of the evangelist. Have others read the speeches attributed to others—the apostles, the persons in the parables, etc. This is a much more difficult bit of art than the impromptu reading of a play, and takes both careful working out by the teacher and preparation by the class members. In fact, preparation adds to the interest of a group reading of any sort, and often results in an artistic touch so pronounced that what was prepared for a class exercise often proves striking enough to make an excellent preliminary program.

The role of group reading, however, has no other function with reference to advancing the reading of the complete reading course than just to contribute its bit of credit for a few chapters or a play; the actual reading of whole books depends much more upon individual reading.

Individual Reading. Few people aside from school children can indulge in the mental orgy of reading a book through in a day or two. Most of us have to husband our time and read but a page or two at a leisure moment now and then till in the end we have read the book after weeks of dropping it and picking it up again, keeping our place and losing our place—and, more is the pity, sometimes skipping a chapter and sometimes re-reading it without knowing it, noticing familiarity of the material but not fully identifying it until we have re-read at least three or four pages.

A more methodical method, therefore, suggests itself. Many people set aside fifteen minutes or twenty-five minutes every night before bed, to improve their minds. Whether the hour be early or late, they always persist, realizing that to preserve the excellent habit or reading regularly every day is of more worth than the fifteen or twenty-five minutes of sleep which they might gain that particular night but which can be made up again by planning better the course of the next day.

Such a method depends upon planning much more than upon "will power." In fact, psychologists tell us there *is* no such thing as "will *power.*" Everything is rather *habit,* and *set. Habit* is what comes when we repeat an action until it requires little effort or less concentration than unfamiliar processes require. *Set* is attitude. It comes from the knowledge we have gained through earlier experiments in our every day doings that we have the ability to do certain things and haven't the ability to do other things. Thus we have a set that when we are sleepy we can read a novel or an easy, entertaining, racy book for a quarter of an hour, even if it is bed-time, and we have a set that we can read a more difficult book on the evenings when we are not so tired. It pays to take advantage of these natural possibilities; form the habit of reading fifteen or twenty minutes every evening, but choose your readings so that your psychological *set* will not interfere with your habit but rather strengthen it and perhaps enable you to cultivate a reading habit that may last through life.

Dear Mother of Mine

When, as a mere baby, dear Mother of mine,
I saw, from your clear eyes the bright love-light shine,
The seeds of eternal affection were sown
Deep down in my heart, where I worship alone.

And there, despite Life's disappointments and fears,
They have ever developed all through the years.
Though the time has been long since the sowing was done,
They have pushed through the soil t'ward the light, one by one.

Every lesson you've taught me has helped them to rise
Nearer the sunshine and cloudless blue skies;
Every tear you've shed o'er me has been the soft dew
That refreshed them and drew them much nearer to you.

Though bitter rebellion oft surged through my brain
In wild waves of anger when punishment's pain
You inflicted upon me for some small misdeed,
The soul deep within me ne'er failed to give heed.

And oft, when I lifted sin's cup for a drink,
It was lowered because of what "Mother would think."
Though strong the temptation and luring the way,
I have turned at the thought of what "Mother would say"

And so each experience has aided the roots
Of affection's young plants to send up their green shoots,
Renewing their energy, speeding the day
When they should bear blossoms along life's dull way.

Thus, dear Mother of mine, in the years that have flown,
I have been well content just to call you my own.
I have been satisfied just to bask in your love—
In its influence sweet, like a boon from above.

I've accepted your care and devotion so true,
With a passive thanksgiving to heaven for you;
I have realized vaguely the hardships you've borne;
I have sympathized, too, when your heart has been torn.

When you have been weary and troubled and blue,
I've longed to give some of my own strength to you;
When you have been ill with dark worry or pain,
I've longed to bring sunshine and hope back again.

But never, till now, Mother dear, have I known,
The extent of the suff'ring you've borne for your own—
The pain and distress that accompany the birth
Of another glad soul to inherit the earth.

But now that I know of the things you passed through,
To give me my life, and the pain that you knew,
That affection has blossomed and a breeze from above,
Has quickly matured it—'tis now a deep love,

A love that is worship, dear Mother of mine,
A reverence deep for a soul so divine;
And now I return to a greater degree
The measure of love that you're giving to me.

So now, in the future, I'll try hard to live
In a way that will merit the love that you give;
In my thoughts and my words and my actions, I'll show
That I'm striving to go as you want me to go.

I will try hard to lighten the load that you bear;
I will strive to remove every worry and care;
And when, in your eyes, I see that light shine,
I'll know what it means, dear old Mother of mine!

WALTER N. HORNE.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

Work Still Progressing in the Rhineland

"Missionaries laboring in the Ruhr District and the Rhineland are still able to bring many people to a knowledge of the gospel and to hold regular baptisms, despite the fact that making converts is somewhat more difficult than it was two years ago, and extra effort is necessary. Reports indicate that all the seven organized branches of the Cologne conference are making steady progress, with as many as forty or fifty friends and investigators in attendance at the regular meetings, including the preaching service. We still enjoy the freedom of seven school buildings for our religious services, which are very suitable meeting places, being unoffensive to any class of people. A general conference was held Sunday, February 7, in the city of Dusseldorf, in the auditorium of the Luddendorf school. President Hugh J. Cannon was in attendance, and saints and friends from all parts of the Rhineland assembled to hear the message of the mission president. Three new fields have recently been opened to missionary work. We wait expectantly for each new edition of the *Era*, for it is a great help in our work."*Glenn R. Dorius*, president Cologne conference.

MISSIONARIES OF THE COLOGNE CONFERENCE

Bottom row, left to right: Hamilton Calder; Fred Crandal; Royal Hatch, of the Hamburg conference; Norman Pierce, of the Hannover conference. Seated: John Bauer; Johann Hense; Erwin J. Druk, president of the Stuttgart conference; Oliver L. Richards, president of the Frankfurt conference; Mission President Hugh J. Cannon; Glenn R. Dorius, president of the Cologne conference; Aaron T. Nibley, president of the Hamburg conference; Leroy Winter, president of the Hannover conference; Aaron C. Taylor. Third row: Stanley Goodwin, conference secretary; Stanley Brox; Willard O. Sandberg; Ralph C. Cutler; Francis I. Moore; Glennwood Froyd; Fisher Squires; Henry T. Wahlquist; Paul Hundsdorfer. Fourth row: Henry Weidmann, Frankfurt conference; Roland Esplin; Bates Gibbons; John S. Kunz; Reinhold Beckmann, Hannover conference; Ralph Chamberlin; George Poulter; Grant Neath, Hannover conference; David Calder, Louis Burgner, Frankfurt conference.

Enthusiasm Prevails in the Koenigsberg Conference

"We are enthusiastic over the progress in our field," writes Elder Max Lamprecht, president Koenigsberg conference of the German-Austrian mission. "The work in this outlying district has flourished the past year beyond all expectations. Being severed from the main body of Germany by a strip of Poland extending north to the Baltic sea, the people of East Prussia seem to be more humble and susceptible toward the teachings of the gospel, and the efforts of the elders and saints are crowned with success, there being ninety-five baptisms during 1925. Especially fruitful is the Masuren Sea district, where we have organized several Sunday schools. We travel from village to village, tracting and holding cottage meetings. Many spirited conferences have been featured during the last few months. As a result of a recent protest meeting conducted against 'Mormonism,' our attendance has greatly increased, the people expressing their desire to investigate our claims 'first-hand.' We derive much good from the invigorating lines of the *Era*."

ELDERS IN THE KOENIGSBERG CONFERENCE

Front row, left to right: Fred Dellenbach, Ogden; Wayne P. Smith, Lehi; Max Lamprecht, conference president, Blackfoot, Idaho; Fred Tadje, mission president; Rowland H. Merrill, Stettin conference president; Herman F. Babbel, Salt Lake City; Rulon J. Ballard, Salt Lake City. Middle row: Adrian S. Pugmire, Salt Lake City; Wilmer C. Porter, Worland, Wyoming; Frank E. Miskin, Ucon, Idaho; Horace P. Beesley, Salt Lake City; Morris Butterfield, Riverton; Reeves V. Baker, Boulder, Utah. Top row: Leland Roswell, Salt Lake City; Clarence A. Kirkham, Provo; Edward A. Croft, Orderville, Utah; W. Maurice Hart, Ogden; James W. Quayle, Jr., Logan.

Ninety-nine Baptisms

Sterling I. Tolton, Shreveport, Louisiana, reports that the work of the elders in distributing literature is doing much in that district to break down the prejudice existing in some of the larger cities. "We appreciate the help that the few short-term missionaries have given us. Their influence among the people has been felt for good. During the year 1925, ten elders laboring in Louisiana baptized 99 people; sold 794 Books of Mormon, and 1,725 small doctrinal books; one Sunday school was organized. Elders

Jesse L. Jolley, Sterling I. Tolton and Cloyd B. Berry, Shreveport, through the courtesy of the management, recently obtained permission to hold a meeting in one of the large hotels in the city. Much literature was distributed and we have prospects of holding more meetings there. We enjoy the spirit of the Lord and are enthusiastic in the advocacy of the Gospel of Jesus Christ."—*Sterling I. Tolton*, Shreveport, Louisiana,

Choir Aids in Conference Work

"One of our most important aids in the work of this conference is the Koenigsberg conference choir 'Deseret,' which, according to Elder David O. McKay, who witnessed its presentation of 'The Creation' by Haydn in March, 1924, is one of the best choirs in the Church. The singers, many of whom are not members of the Church, have devoted their untiring efforts in developing an organization of renown, and yet is a willing supporter of all the auxiliary organizations of the conference, and has been instrumental in providing financial means to aid many worthy causes. The choir, which consists of approximately 100 voices, has been ably conducted the last year by Brother Willy Reske, opera singer and composer; and it deserves special recognition for its having presented before large audiences such works as 'Christrosen,' 'The Youth of Nain,' 'Christmas Oratorio,' by Willy Reske, 'The Restoration' by B. Cecil Gates, and scores of hymns and anthems by prominent Church composers and such masters as Mendelssohn, Schubert, Mozart and Handel." —*Max Lamprecht*, president Koenigsberg conference, German-Austrian mission.

Maori Agricultural College Holds Commencement Exercises

President J. Howard Jenkins of the New Zealand mission reports that the Commencement Exercises of the Maori Agricultural College, Hastings, Hawke's Bay, New Zealand, were held on October 2, 1925, "when five of the fine products of that institution were graduated and thereby entered into the new experience of facing the world with the power of a well-founded educational training. The occasion was an inspiration to all who attended," continues President Jenkins. "The five graduates, three of the Maori race, and two of the Tongan, are worthy representatives of the Polynesian people, and examples of what the spirit of the gospel can do for mankind. These young men were made to feel, by the addresses given, that their future activities should be devoted to the service of God and their fellowmen, actuated by the principles of life inculcated within them at their 'Alma Mater.' The various musical selections, vocal, orchestral and band, added much to the inspiration of the occasion."

The day's program consisted of athletic activities at 2:30 p. m., demonstrating the proficiency of the boys; a banquet at 6, at which speeches and presentations were made by various Student Body officers; a school play at 8, enacted by the members of the graduating class; and a dance at 9, at which the chivalry and gentlemanly conduct of the College boys were evident. Supper was served after the dance.

"Many prominent business men, not of the Church, were among the visitors," concludes the report, "all of whom expressed themselves in words of strength as to the great work this institution is accomplishing in preparing efficient and God-fearing citizens."

MAORI AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE AND FACULTY

Standing, left to right: E. Lester Brown, Mathematics and Industrial Arts; A. Reed Halverson, former acting mission president; Stanley C. Kimball, secretary, bookkeeping; George R. Henderson, Coach, Music, Animal Husbandry; Thomas W Hickman, Science and Physiology; Marion K. Everton, editor mission paper. Sitting William C. Carr, Agronomy and English; Albert E. Sells, principal of college, Science and Agriculture; Nina E. Sells, wife of principal, and baby; J. Howard Jenkins, mission president; LeRoy B. Jex, English and History.

Eight Records Established

A conference was held on February 7 and 8 at Charleston and Huntington, South West Virginia, Eastern States mission. Meetings were well attended, especially at Huntington where 300 were present, of this number fully 150 were investigators. The local papers of these two cities gave good reports of the conference, and excellent sermons were delivered by President B. H. Roberts. Through our efforts we have established eight records for periods of one month, including baptisms, children blessed, hours spent in attending meetings, study of the gospel, gospel conversations, and number of

gospel conversations, Priesthood meetings, and meetings attended. We have two branches and two Sunday schools. The Charleston branch, where the chapel is located, is nearly fully organized, having in it the following fully organized: Sunday school, Teacher-Training, Relief Society, Young Men's and Young Ladies' M. I. A., Primary: and the Priesthood is partly organized. The people of this section are becoming much more friendly and we feel like a good work is being accomplished.—Marcus H. Burton, president, West Va., conference, South.

Front row, left to right: Richard H. Christiansen, Lyman C. Pedersen, President Marcus H. Burton, President B. H. Roberts, Doctor Margaret C. Roberts, Ben R. Thomas, Arthur Palmer. Middle row: Stanley Jones, Mary A. Christensen, W. Q. Dispain, Mabel Larsen, J. Frances Giles, Viva A. Elton, S. R. Godfrey, L. Clark Showalter. Top row: Wm. S. Bailey, Thomas G. Barton, Ernest A. Richards, Lowell R. Berry, W. H. Ohlwiler, M. Verdell Rigby, David O. Wilcox, and Nile G. Matthews. Gertrude Blomquist, absent when picture was taken.

Work Progressing in Northwestern States Mission

Elder Ralph B. Stratford, secretary of the Northwestern States mission, reports that the missionaries of the East Washington conference of that mission are making a splendid showing in their work. The mission was recently honored with a visit from Elder Richard R. Lyman, of the Council of the Twelve, who, together with Mission President Brigham S. Young, attended three successful meetings held in Spokane, February 14. Fervent testimonies were borne by the missionaries, and instructive discourses given by Elder Lyman and President Young. "It was veritably a spiritual feast," the report states, "for which all felt to thank God." Elder Lyman and President Young accompanied by the Spokane missionaries, also attended a meeting held in Coeur D'Alene, Idaho, where they delivered inspirational addresses to an audience composed mostly of persons not of our faith, and much interest was manifested and good accomplished. Elders Neldon Jacobson and Parley N. Winn and Sister Gladys Williams, who are laboring at Coeur D'Alene, have recently established a Sunday school in this district, and are now endeavoring to organize Primaries. At Bonners Ferry, Idaho, an entirely new district, Elders Frank E. Stevens and Owen W, Park have made

a remarkable showing in the short time of three months. One family has already applied for baptism, and many others are sincerely investigating. A Sunday school has been organized, and they are holding two cottage meetings each week. Similar reports of success and encouragement have come from Elders James E. Sim and Elmer Colby at Wenatchee, Washington; from Elder L. E. Peterson, who is on special duty at Moscow, Idaho, where he has charge of all Latter-day Saint work; from Sisters Helen Hamilton and Emma Harris, who are making a special effort among the Primaries of that conference, besides their regular missionary work, and are making a favorable impression among non-members. The other missionaries are laboring in different parts of the city of Spokane, and are making substantial gains in the upbuilding of the kingdom of God. Sister Hazel Wells was recently transferred to Vancouver, B. C., and Elder Earl C. Bradshaw to Seattle, Washington. A baptismal service was held in Spokane on February 7, when three more converts were brought into the fold. "As part of our regular endeavors," writes Secretary Stratford, "we prepare ourselves to meet every phase of missionary work, by regular missionary classes on Tuesday and Saturday afternoons, and a Priesthood class every morning."

MISSIONARIES OF THE EAST WASHINGTON CONFERENCE.

Top row, left to right: George E. Hughes, Earl C. Bradshaw, Hazel Wells, Leland C. Laney, Henry R. Daines. Second row: Neldon R. Jacobson; Joseph T. Allen, conference president; Brigham S. Young, mission president; Ralph B. Stratford, mission secretary; Anthon E. Neilsen. Third row: C. Christy Thorpe, Gladys Williams, Emma Harris, Helen Hamilton, Owen W. Park. Bottom row: Frank E. Stevens, Parley N. Winn, Albert M. Belnap, James E. Sim.

The Hague Choir Doing Its Part

Dirk Mooy, secretary of the Hague Choir, Holland, writes that music is playing an important part in softening the hearts of the people, and their choir is doing its utmost to help prepare the way for the furtherance of the gospel. "Efforts have been made to permit us to sing in the local hospitals and other places, where we endeavor to give the people a more favorable impression of the Latter-day Saints. We appreciate the association of the elders from Zion, and through their efforts many are brought to a knowledge of the gospel. We sing the 'Songs of Zion,' although not all of them are translated into the Dutch language, and they bring a sacred spirit, and I am certain cannot be duplicated except by the inspiration of God."

THE HAGUE CHOIR, HOLLAND

The officers of the choir are: Annie De Bruin, chorister, shown in the picture with baton in hand: Thys Winkle, president, to right of chorister: Agatha Hornes, organist, to left of chorister: Dirk Mooy, secretary, to left of Sister Hornes. In the picture also are three missionaries: Wm. F. Ashton, Salt Lake City; H. Poelman, Magna, Utah: S. B. Woolley, Vernal, Utah.

Banner Year in Tasmania

Elder Rollin C. Smith of the Tasmanian conference reports that the work is gaining a place of prominence among the people of Tasmania, many having recently been added to the fold, and the elders feel assured that there are yet many more who are anxiously waiting for the truth. The annual conference was held on February 14, the sessions of which were enjoyed by more than one hundred saints and friends. Mission President Charles H. Hyde presided. He expressed his appreciation for the splendid work accomplished in 1925, and voiced his confidence that 1926 would be a banner year. Elders from both the Launceston and Hobart branches were present. Twenty-two baptisms were performed during the past year, and several applications have been made for the near future. We find the

Era very helpful in bringing the spirit of the gospel into the homes of the saints and investigators.

MISSIONARIES AT TASMANIAN CONFERENCE

Back row, left to right: Ivor H. Sudweeks, Nephi, Utah; J. Cash Smith, Smithfield, Utah; Calvin R. Woolley, Centerville, Utah; Milton F. Pexton, Murray, Utah; Dow P. Brian, Loa, Utah; Reuel E. Christensen, Ephraim, Utah; Lewis L. Pilkington, Smithfield, Utah. Front row: Rollin C. Smith, conference president, Salt Lake City, Utah; Caroline S. Hyde, president Australian Relief Society, Salt Lake City, Utah; Charles H. Hyde, president Australian mission, Salt Lake City, Utah; Edith Woodford, Sydney, Australia; Ezra D. Richardson, outgoing conference president, Benjamin, Utah.

Honolulu to the Front

The past year has indeed been one of success for the Honolulu conference, and can be fittingly called a banner year. At the beginning of 1925, the recreation hall valued at $30,000 was built by the Saints and elders, and is indeed proving to be indispensable as a gathering place for the young people through the auxiliary organizations. It was opened to an audience of fifteen hundred, at the Mutual Improvement Associations' contest work and Jubilee celebration at the April conference.

The past year was also the celebration of the Diamond Anniversary of the arrival of the first ten missionaries to Hawaii, December 12, 1850.

The work, which was begun by this small group of missionaries, has grown by leaps and bounds, and at the present time one-third of the Hawaiians are members of the Church. However, the work in this conference is not confined just to the Hawaiian people; for a list of the converts of the past year includes the names of Europeans, Hawaiians, Japanese, Chinese, Samoans, Marshall Islanders, and Filipinos.

All phases of the work are steadily growing, and the results are indeed gratifying. The conference records show one hundred eighty-three baptisms during the past year, an increase of twenty-three per cent. The number of tithe payers has increased forty per cent over the pervious year. The average attendance in the eight Sunday schools of this conference has reached a total of one thousand, with classes being conducted in three languages.

One of these Sunday schools is being held at the Kalihikai Leper Hospital.

In area, the Honolulu conference is one of the smallest in the Church. It is six miles long and two miles wide, and embraces the city of Honolulu and its outskirts. Two new branches, Kakaako and Papakolea, have just recently been organized, making, with Kalihi and Waikiki, a total of four fully organized branches. A new chapel for the Kakaako branch is now under construction, and will be completed in the near future.

The arrival of the Samoans who have come here especially for temple work, the immigration of Hawaiians from the country districts, and the arrival of many of our Utah people have also had a tendency to bring about an increase in our numbers. And at the present time we have, in this cosmopolitan city, a membership of approximately four thousand.

The Saints here are, in every way possible, rendering assistance to the missionaries in order that this great work might continue to grow and progress; that it might reach the ears of all who are residing in these lands.—*Elder G. Elroy Nelson.*

Front row: Robert S. Sant, president mission Y. M. M. I. A., Twin Falls; Athen L. Reese, president mission Sunday schools, Logan; Ralph S. Roberts, incoming mission secretary, Lehi; Eugene J. Neff, president Hawaiian mission, with Lehua Neff, Salt Lake City; Louise C. Neff, Salt Lake City; Francis J. Russell, outgoing mission secretary, Salt Lake City; G. Elroy Nelson, president Honolulu conference, Pleasant Grove. Second row: Marian Clark, president mission Y. L. M. I. A., Salt Lake City; Ardis Neff; Chloris Rich, mission stenographer, Salt Lake City; Eugene Neff, Jr.; Flora Amussen, Logan; Sydonna Willardson, Mayfield; Julia Kaluna, local. Third row: Stephen Kila, local; J. W. Jonah, local; J. W. McGuire, local; Joseph Luahiwa, local; Lorenzo Torrefiel, local, (working among the Filipinos); Wesley Neff. Fourth row: Harold Allred, Gannett, Idaho; Walter Steffen, Brigham City; Albion Caine, Salt Lake City; J. Wesley Williamson, Salt Lake City; Rulon Willardson, Mayfield. Fifth row: Fred E. Lunt, Salt Lake City; Wayne L. Bennion, Salt Lake City; George Kaluna, local; Walter N. Fieldgrove, local, (working among the Whites and Chinese.)

Editors' Table

President Heber J. Grant's Conference Message

This is a very wonderful gathering of Latter-day Saints, the Tabernacle being crowded to overflowing. It is certainly an inspiring sight, and bears witness to the interest and devotion of the Latter-day Saints. I humbly pray that while I stand before you this morning I may be able to say something that shall in some small degree fulfil my share of this conference, which you can take away with you and feel that you have received some benefit by leaving your homes, some of you from Canada on the north to Mexico on the south, and from New York to San Francisco.

Cause for Rejoicing

I rejoice in the growth of the work of God. I rejoice in the integrity and devotion and the willing self sacrifice of the people. I am very thankful for all of the many blessings that have come to us as a people, from the time when that great pioneer, Brigham Young and that wonderful band of men and women, one hundred and forty odd, first came to this valley. I am thankful for the blessings of the Lord that have attended the Saints, notwithstanding the drivings and the persecutions and the mobbings that they have had to endure during the 96 years since the organization of the Church.

Obedience to Law

There is at the present time an agitation going on in the United States against the enforcement of prohibition. Straw votes are being taken which show that the overwhelming sentiment of those who have seen fit to vote on this straw ballot are in favor of the repeal or modification of the present law.

There is also a wave of crime sweeping over the country. Perhaps there is nothing of greater importance, next to our spiritual growth, than a determination on the part of the Latter-day Saints to observe the laws of our country. I wish to quote from the immortal Lincoln:

Lincoln on the Subject

"Let every American, every lover of liberty, every well wisher to his posterity, swear by the blood of the revolution never to violate in the least particular the laws of the country, and never to tolerate their violation by others. As the patriots of '76 did to the support of the Declaration of Independence, so to the support of the Constitution and laws let every American pledge his life, his property and his sacred honor. Let every man remember that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his father, and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty. Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges; let

it be written in primers, spelling books and almanacs: let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, enforced in courts of justice. In short, let it become the political religion of the nation."

One of the Articles of our Faith declares that we believe in sustaining the law and supporting the rulers. So that not only should Latter-day Saints follow the advice of the immortal Lincoln, but they should follow the doctrines of the Church to which they belong.

Theodore Roosevelt

Theodore Roosevelt has the following statements to make that would apply more or less to sustaining the law:

"In character we must have virtue, morality, decency and square dealing as the foundation."

"Any man who claims there can be liberty in spite of and against the law is claiming that anarchy is liberty."

"We need strong bodies: more than that, we need strong minds, and finally we need what counts for more than body or mind—character."

"The man who counts is the man who is decent and who makes himself felt as a force for decency."

The Word of Wisdom a Revelation to the Saints

The Latter-day Saints have a revelation from God regarding strong bodies. In that revelation it is recorded that tobacco is not good for the body. It is also recorded there that strong drinks are not to be taken internally, but are only for the washing of the body. We are told in this same revelation that hot drinks are not good for man. This revelation was given to the Latter-day Saints in 1833, only three years after the organization of the Church. Yet there are many of the people who have never lived up to that revelation. But I am thankful that the great majority of the Latter-day Saints are observers of the Word of Wisdom—that tea, coffee, liquor and tobacco are let alone by the Latter-day Saints.

I have read to you that we have seventeen hundred wards and branches in the Church. In each of the wards of the Church there is a bishop and two counselors and a ward clerk, and in each of the independent branches there is a president and two counselors. There are sometimes three presiding officers in the branches throughout the missions, and sometimes only one. But we have an army of men presiding amounting to four or five thousand, and every one of those men must pledge his honor that he will observe the Word of Wisdom. We have now ninety-four stakes, with a presidency of three men, and a stake clerk, and we have twelve high councilors in all of these stakes. In addition we have many alternate high councilors. It will average, I am sure, twenty men to the stake. So we have an army of two thousand there, and every one of these leading men must obey the Word of Wisdom.

On Women Smoking

I read recently in a paper published in our city:

"The woman smoker is the prominent professional and business woman in every community."

I desire to broadcast all over the world that that statement is an absolute falsehood so far as the Latter-day Saints are concerned. Never in my life have I seen a Latter-day Saint woman or girl smoking a cigarette. This article states that last year there were 9,000,000,000 cigarettes smoked by the women of these United States, and that there were 7,000,000,000 cigarettes smoked by women the year before, an increase in round numbers of thirty per cent. The writer said that the woman smoker is "the prominent commercial and business woman in every community," I say: Leave out every Latter-day Saint community, because it is a falsehood.

"She is the wife of your local physician." She is not the wife of any physician in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints so far as I know. "She is the wife of the town banker, the attorney. She is the president of your parent-teacher club, your literary club." These statements are reputed to have been made by Cynthia Grey. I would not be a bit surprised if Cynthia Grey is a newspaper name, and it is one of the tobacco trusts who furnished the article.

"In other words, it is stuff and nonsense, nowadays, to say that the women who smoke are scarlet ladies." We do not say that. So she has put that in to weaken the fight against this awful curse, cigarette smoking.

"Does nicotine harm the woman any more than the man, if it harms either?" Nicotine harms every man, woman and child that uses tobacco, and we as Latter-day Saints have the word of the Lord God Almighty, the Creator of heaven and earth, to that effect this lady (or perhaps man), to the contrary notwithstanding.

"I am inclined to believe that even a woman smoker, quite firm in her conviction that she is doing the proper thing"—(I do not believe that any woman smoker believes she is doing the proper thing)—"would stop smoking if any real authority could prove she was harming any possible future child of hers." The trained athletes of the nation are pretty good authorities on the harm to the physical body, and they are practically a unit that tobacco and liquor do harm the body. Some of the great baseball clubs of America, who have won championships, won't allow liquor or tobacco to be used by their men.

The head of the New York Athletic club, one of the greatest in this country, announces that there is no prospect of success in the athletic line to the man who uses tobacco and liquor.

"But medical savants, when pushed to the wall, seem not much alarmed." When they are not pushed to the wall the great majority of them acknowledge the harmful influence of these things.

"The president of the Association of Railway Chief Surgeons is quoted as saying 'Fags help men work out problems. Why not women?'" A whip helps a horse to go a little bit further, but it does not add any strength to the horse, and no narcotic or stimulant that creates an appetite for itself is good for man or woman. And thank the Lord we have his word to that effect.

I will not take any more of your time reading from this article for it is "rot."

Comments on Sustaining the Law

I meant after reading Lincoln's wonderful appeal to sustain the Constitution, to read the following:

Gladstone said, speaking of the Constitution of the United States: "It is the greatest document of its kind that ever sprang from the mind of man."

The faith of the Latter-day Saints and the teaching that I have had since I was a child at my mother's knee, as well as from this stand, is that the Constitution of our country was written by men inspired

of the Lord God Almighty. Therefore, we as Latter-day Saints, more than any other people, ought to be supporters of the Constitution, and all constitutional law. I read a clipping from a great financial paper, as follows:

"'Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall,' is as true today as it was 2,500 years ago. The indications of surface conditions are not satisfactory. A crime wave is sweeping the country: hope is necessary to give a thrill in the movies; temperance and self-control have become a joke; observance and respect for law are considered old-fashioned; honest labor is looked upon as something to be avoided: too many are trying to get something for nothing and are going into debt for needless luxuries and harmful pleasures."

Warning Against Debt and Wealth

Right here let me warn the Latter-day Saints to buy automobiles and to buy the ordinary necessities of life when they have the money to buy them, and not to mortgage their future. I have heard of people over in England who regularly mortgage their Sunday clothes Monday morning and take them out of "hock" the next Saturday night. I want to say to you that those who discount their future, who run in debt for the ordinary necessities of life and for the luxuries of life, are laying burdens upon themselves that will come back with compound interest to cause them great trouble and humiliation. To quote again:

"Nasty magazines are building up great circulations while the colleges are closing up their chapels and opening up smoking rooms for the women students."

Again let me say that that cannot be found in any of the Church schools or seminaries. Once more, please leave out the Latter-day Saints.

"I sincerely hope that these things are merely a phase and that the American people are still a God-fearing race. If not, these things are a tremendous indictment of schools and colleges as well as parents. Yes, America has every material blessing at the present time and if we will keep our feet on the ground, the present era of prosperity should continue for years. On the other hand, all wealth is a mere tool which can be used either to upbuild or to destroy. Everything depends on the motives, ambition and tastes of the people who have this tool in their hands."

Wealth is leading to folly and almost to that which would be counted as sin. Pope says:

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Avoid Serving the God of Fashion

I am ashamed, as I walk the streets of our cities, at the lack of modesty in the dresses, not only of our young people, but our mothers and even grandmothers. I will rejoice when there shall come over this land again an increased respect for the sacredness of the body and a willingness on the part of our good, pure, upright ladies to dress themselves in a more becoming manner. I shall rejoice when the

Latter-day Saints shall endeavor to find out that thing which will bring to them and to their posterity peace and comfort of body and of mind. The Lord said that he was a jealous God, and that we should serve no other God before him. So we should not serve the God of fashion. When our Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations were organized they were organized under the title of the Young Ladies' Retrenchment Associations, and one of the purposes was retrenchment and more modesty in dressing; and I shall rejoice if the Lord will inspire the Latter-day Saints to set a better example in the future than they are setting at the present time.

I want to announce that I shall be glad if we will quit giving notices to the papers of what is termed "teas" that are being held in our homes. I read of a "tea" being given in the home of President Heber J. Grant, and of the "tea" table being decorated. There is no tea table in the home of President Heber J. Grant. There has been no tea served either to our friends or visitors, in the home of Heber J. Grant. I would like us to change that name in our newspapers, at least so far as Latter-day Saints are concerned, and have it a "social gathering," or a lunch, or anything you have a mind to call it, and quit calling it a "tea," when every Latter-day Saint is asked by the Lord, to leave tea, coffee and tobacco alone.

Promises of God to Observers of the Word of Wisdom

And for fear I forget it, I want to read to you one of the most marvelous and wonderful promises that God has made to every Latter-day Saint who keeps this Word of Wisdom. The Word of Wisdom was given, as stated, only three years after the Church was organized:

"All grain is ordained for the use of man and of beasts, to be the staff of life, not only for man but for the beasts of the field, and the fowls of heaven, and all wild animals that run or creep on the earth;

"And these hath God made for the use of man only in times of famine and excess of hunger."

It is being acknowledged by the great doctors today that an excessive use of meat is not good for humanity, and the Word of Wisdom teaches us that:

"All grain is good for the food of man; as also the fruit of the vine; that which yieldeth fruit, whether in the ground or above the ground—

"Nevertheless, wheat for man, and corn for the ox, and oats for the horse, and rye for the fowls and for swine, and for all beasts of the field, and barley for all useful animals, and for mild drinks, as also other grain."

Now listen, all ye Latter-day Saints, to the word of the Lord and the promise of the Creator of heaven and earth:

"And all Saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel and marrow in their bones;

"And shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures;

"And shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint.

"And I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them. Amen."

What a marvelous promise! And as there is no promise made by

the Lord only upon the condition that we fulfil the law upon which that promise is predicated, the law of life and health to the Latter-day Saints is to obey the Word of Wisdom.

The Support of Home Institutions

Generally at these conferences I have made just a few remarks about supporting our home institutions. I thought I would simply read what I said once before:

"The support of home institutions is the main foundation of any state's prosperity. The support of home industries keeps money at home, furnishes employment, reduces cost and insures prosperity. If all the people of Utah and the other intermountain states would adopt the principle of buying the product of the factories of the intermountain territory, most of our industrial problems would vanish.

"From the earliest days the people of Utah have been taught to support home industries and to keep money at home. Where the advice has been followed prosperity has resulted. Now, more than ever, the people of the intermountain country should stand together and support the institutions which are assisting in the upbuilding of the territory."

Appeal to Farmers on the Sugar Industry

I want to say a word to the Latter-day Saints regarding the beet sugar industry. The credit of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was utilized to the extent of something over $3,000,000, a few years ago in borrowing and loaning money to the sugar industry, to keep it from going into the hands of a receiver. This industry was established by the Church running in debt to secure the money to build the very first factory that was ever built in the United States of America with American machinery, for the manufacture of beet sugar, and the Church has always fostered the industry.

I appeal to you farmers, every one of you, in all the various parts of Utah and Idaho, and in Canada now—wherever a sugar factory has been established—to support those factories by planting a goodly portion of suitable land in beets which may be manufactured into sugar. A great many of the farmers seem to feel that they are under no obligation whatever to support these factories, some of which have been built upon the earnest solicitation and upon the absolute pledge of the farmers that they would furnish so many thousand acres of beets for each factory. Several of these factories have had to remain idle. Why? Because these pledges have not been fulfilled.

Our Lord and Savior said:

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.

"This is the first and great commandment.

"And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

As one of your neighbors, who has labored diligently and invested all he had originally, and lost every dollar of it, in establishing this great industry, I appeal to you farmers to love me and others who established it. My personal stock amounts to very little, I could not sell it today for $500, but the Church has invested several million dollars in establishing and maintaining this industry for the benefit of

the farmers. Therefore, I appeal to you to have no idle beet sugar factories in your communities; and by supporting these factories you will bring additional money into your communities, and will be fulfiling the second great commandment: to love your neighbors.

What the Church Requests as to Card Playing

By the way, I hear that card playing is becoming very, very popular, and that the Church must be in favor of card-playing because the Church authorities never say anything against it. From the time I was a child and read the *Juvenile Instructor*, published for the benefit of the people, I have read nothing except condemnation of card-playing and the wasting of your time in doing something that brings no good bodily, intellectually or in any way, and sometimes leads your children to become gamblers, because they become expert card-players. The Church as a Church requests its members not to play cards. I hope you understand me, and I want you to know that I am speaking for the Church when I ask the people to let cards alone.

Sustain the "Deseret News"

Again I am speaking for the Church when I ask Latter-day Saints to sustain the newspaper published by the Church. I have gone into the homes of bishops and other leading families in this Church, and have failed to find *The Deseret Evening News*. We desire the support of *The Deseret News* because it is your paper. We are the Church and the Church owns *The Deseret News*, and if you make it a great financial success you will be sharing that success because it is your paper. And I want to say to the Latter-day Saints that there have been a score or more of speeches published in *The News* in the past year, nearly every one of which to my mind was worth the price of *The Deseret News*. I called up an influential man the other day and asked if he had read one, two or three of those sermons. He said no. I want to tell you that a sermon by one of the greatest educational minds in Utah, (I doubt if there is a superior one) Dr. Joseph F. Merrill, over the radio, and subsequently enlarged upon from this stand, was published in *The News*. I would not take a fifty dollar bill for it if I could not get it again. (See also *Era*, April.)

We are here—for what? For the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, and we get it in *The Deseret News*. I will say to you that one of the finest sermons on Priesthood that I have listened to—(by the way, I did not listen to it, but I read it in *The News*)—was by one of the great lawyers of America, one of the international lawyers, a man honored by our country to be called to Washington in the great conference on disarmament, J. Reuben Clark. You did not read it if you do not take *The News*. It was a splendid talk. I want to say to you that the talks by Adam Bennion and by Milton Bennion are worth the price of *The News* for a year. I will have to stop talking about *The News*, or I won't get through with the other things I want to say.

Authorities Absent From Conference

There are absent today of the General Authorities, Elders Reed Smoot, James E. Talmage, and Melvin J. Ballard of the Council of the Twelve. Elder Reed Smoot, as you all know, is a Senator from Utah, and thank the Lord for such a senator, a man who has gained for himself a national and an international reputation for his honesty, for his integrity, and for his great and wonderful ability, and he stands today at the head of the greatest committee in the Senate of the United States. I remember when ex-President Taft was here he said, with that little chuckle of his that made us all laugh, "And to think that when he first came down to Washington nearly everybody tried to keep him out of the senate. Now I have come all the way to Utah to plead with the people to be sure and send him back again."

Elder James E. Talmage is doing a wonderful and splendid work in the British Isles as president of the European mission. Elder Talmage, as you know, is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and the distinction of being a member of one of the greatest scientific societies in the world has enabled him to get favorable articles into the newspapers, in such a way as we have never been able to do before in the British Isles.

Elder Melvin J. Ballard is opening a mission, as you all know, in South America, and is meeting with some success. Elder Brigham H. Roberts of the First Council of Seventy, has appointments in the east and on account of the death of his wife and having come here to her funeral, he has been excused from this conference. He is accomplishing a remarkable and wonderful labor in the Eastern States.

Elder Rey L. Pratt, of the First Council of Seventy, is with Brother Ballard in South America.

Elder Rulon S. Wells of the same council went to South America as you all know, but on account of ill health had to return.

Splendid missionary work is being done by all those who are engaged in the different missions in the United States and all over the world, for which we are grateful.

Calls for Missionaries

We have calls for missionaries from every quarter of the globe—more missionaries, more missionaries. The lady missionaries, we want it understood, are called only to labor in the United States. There are requests coming constantly that we send lady missionaries to other parts of the world, but we feel it is a mistake to send our sisters further away.

A very remarkable and splendid work has been done by the short-term missionaries that were sent out. We regret that the call came so late, and many of them have only been able to stay in the field three months, some of them four and some of them five months. We hope we can have more short-term missionaries, and that they will be able to spend the full six months in the mission field. Some of the

accomplishments of these men have been very remarkable. Men of experience, men of testimony, and of undying faith in the Gospel have brought many souls to a knowledge of the truth. Perhaps some of our school teachers during their vacations can volunteer and will be willing to do missionary work.

An Easter Greeting

This is Easter, and I wish to read to you a greeting that was published in *The Deseret Evening News* for Christmas and I believe it is equally appropriate for Easter Sunday. [President Grant read the greeting. See *Era*, January, 1926.]

God bless you. Amen.

Changes in Officers—Church Statistics

It is generally expected that at the April conference of the Church something shall be given in the nature of statistics regarding the condition of the Church. President Grant presented to the General Conference these items of interest:

Stake Presidents Honorably Released: Mark Austin, Fremont stake; Peter M. Hansen, (deceased), Bear River stake; Nelson J. Hogan, Idaho stake; Heber C. Austin, Idaho Falls stake.

New Stake Presidents: George S. Romney, Fremont stake: Milton H. Welling, Bear River stake; J. Fred Corbett, Idaho stake; Frederick A. Caine, Idaho Falls stake.

Mission Presidents honorably released: Albert R. Peterson, Norwegian Mission; John S. Hansen. Danish Mission: Charles S. Hyde, Netherlands Mission; Herbert B. Foulger, Tahitian Mission (acting.)

Mission Presidents appointed: Martin Christopherson, Norwegian Mission; Joseph L. Peterson, Danish Mission; John P. Lillywhite, Netherlands Mission; Alma G. Burton, Tahitian Mission.

STAKE AND WARD STATISTICS

There are at present: Stakes of Zion, 94; wards, 909; independent branches, 76; missions, 26; branches in missions, 716. Making a total of 1701 wards and branches now in the Church. There were less than 20 stakes of Zion at the time I was chosen one of the twelve apostles of the Church, 43 pears ago.

Since our conference in 1925, 69 stake and ward meeting houses have been erected and 24 buildings in our missions. which makes a total of 93 structures during the year. We have not yet completed the Arizona temple, but the expenditures up to the 31st of December, 1925, on that building were $540,000.

GROWTH IN TEMPLE WORK

We rejoice in the wonderful growth of work in our temples. In the Salt Lake temple. I learn from Brother George F. Richards, we have had as high as 1800 people go through in a single day. Many companies go through there each day, laboring for the salvation of their dead.

CHURCH SCHOOLS AND EDUCATION

In our Church educational system we have enrolled: In Church schools, 4,184; in Seminaries, 10,341; in Religion Classes. 57.000. Total number receiving week-day religious education, 71.525. This says nothing of religious education that is being given to 59,000 women in our Relief Societies, 100,000 in our Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations, and a quarter of a million in our Sunday Schools. And I am informed that the enrollment of our children in Primary Associations now reaches 100,000.

We have something over 2,500 missionaries in the field at the present time.

Financial statement: Following are the expenditures from the tithes of the Church for the year 1925:

Stake and ward purposes: There has been returned from the tithes to the stakes and wards for building construction, maintenance and operation, $1,486,351.81.

Education: Expended for the construction, maintenance and operation of Church schools, $958,440.67.

Temples: Expended for the construction, maintenance and operation of temples $319,415.

There were ordinances performed in the temples for the living and the dead last year, 986,321. Number of people recommended to the temples, 55,695.

Charities: For the care of the worthy poor and other charitable purposes, including hospital treatment, $172,352.74.

Missions: For the maintenance and operation of all the missions, and for the erection of places of worship and other buildings in the missions, $769,926.79.

Making a total taken from the tithes and returned by the trustee-in-trust for the maintenance and operation of the stakes and wards, for the Church schools and temples, for charities and for mission activities of $3,706,397.01.

Other charities: In addition to charities paid from the tithes, as before named, there has also been disbursed the fast offerings, other charities and assistance rendered by the Relief Society, in the sum of $442,868.07, which amount, added to the $172,262.74 paid from the tithes, makes the total charity assistance rendered by the Church, $615,130.81. There has been collected by the various wards of the Church and paid to missionaries to assist in their maintenance, $131,941.31.

Statistics regarding the growth of the Church: Children blessed and entered on the records of the Church in the stakes and missions, 20,233. Children baptized in the stakes and missions, 14,390. Converts baptized and entered on the records of the stakes and missions, 6,373.

Social statistics: Birth rate, 32 per thousand; marriage rate, 15 per thousand; death rate, 6.7 per thousand. Divorce—There was one divorce in every 20 marriages. Average in the United States is one divorce for every seven marriages. Families owning their own homes, 73 per cent.

Recreation on the Ocean

Claude C. Cornwall, field secretary of the Y. M. M. I. A., has accepted, for the six months' Summer vacation, a position with the United States Steamship Lines as a Recreation leader. He has been assigned to the *S. S. Leviathan,* and sailed from New York for France and England on April 10, 1926. This is a high compliment to Brother Cornwall, and a distinct recognition of his Mutual Improvement recreational service.

When public announcement was made of Brother Cornwall's appointment, he received a letter of congratulation from Dr. Chas. G. Plummer, Salt Lake City, from which we quote in part:

"What a tribute to Utah, to your Church, to you individually! You shall go forth to far greater conquests than any you have thus far made in life. Always the leader, the Christian gentleman, a disciple of the Master—whom naught shall deter.

"You have been selected for a difficult field of labor. A serious, yet joyous, expression of the very best that is within you—you shall give your very life to the work. I joy with you in your appointment; for it shall be a great, a tempering school for you which shall lift you up and up to yet greater things wherein you shall develop a fuller expression of him, our Master."

The officers of the Y. M. M. I. A., and his many other friends throughout the stakes and wards of the Church, join in congratulations to Brother Cornwall in this important appointment, and wish him success in his new field of labor, and God-speed on his journeys over the seas.

Priesthood Quorums

Supervision of Inactive Members Holding the Priesthood

Attention has been called to the fact that in a number of the quorums of the Aaronic Priesthood there are one or two, and sometimes more, of the members who, through carelessness in past years or for other reasons, have not been ordained to a higher office. The result is that they are older—in some cases much older—than the remainder of the members. This condition, however, it must be remembered is often the result of previous lack of care and supervision on the part of those who were at the time in charge of the work.

The questions asked are: What shall be done with these "overgrown" members? Shall they be treated as our children over nine years who are unbaptized? That is, shall their names be taken off the membership of the quorum?

Answering the latter questions first: It may be stated that there is no authority for taking the names of persons bearing the Priesthood from the quorum records in this manner. There is, in fact, no way of withdrawing their record of Priesthood except by action against their fellowship by those in authority.

What then shall be done with them? The answer is: Labor with them and continue that labor. Select men of kindliness, of tact, and possessed of persuasive powers, to strive with them. The ward supervisors of the Aaronic Priesthood should be very well suited to such effort.

Those who are appointed to this work should already enjoy or win the good friendship of those with whom they are laboring. The first step should be to get such members to attend Priesthood meeting in company of the one who has invited them to come. Quiet, persistent, enthusiastic efforts are needed to secure this result. They should be asked to attend whatever class befits their age, although credit should be given for their attendance in the quorum to which they belong. Whoever presides over the class which they attend should be informed beforehand of their coming into the class, and, while making them welcome, should avoid causing them embarrassment.

Follow-up work in getting their continued attendance is very important. Cooperation between the bishopric and the ward supervisors, in giving them some interesting duties to perform, as they evidence some willingness, will encourage increased activity. As they show greater faith and attention to the work they should be ordained to a higher office, and the work of encouraging and helping them should be continued until they are able to stand firmly for themselves.

In anticipation of the question, "Can these results actually be obtained?" it may be stated that these results are being obtained repeatedly and with great benefits to those thus reclaimed.

THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC

New South African President

Elder Samuel Martin, of Ogden, has been called to preside over the South African mission, according to an announcement published on April 3. He is now a member of the Ogden stake high council. For several years he served in the bishopric of the Thirteenth ward.

Mutual Work

Program For June Conference

The following prospectus of the June conference program will give an idea of the big things that will be presented during the three days, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 11, 12 and 13, 1926, in Salt Lake City. Utah.

Friday, June 11

From 9 to 10 o'clock a. m., joint opening exercises.

From 10 to 12 o'clock will be devoted to the Junior departments in separate meetings of the Y. M. and the Y. L. M. I. A.

From 2 to 4 o'clock p. m., Senior department exclusively will receive attention, the Young Men and the Young Ladies meeting in separate groups.

From 7 to 8:30 o'clock in the evening, the Advanced Senior class and also the Recreation group, both joint, will meet in separate meetings.

From 8:30 to 10:30, a joint social will be held.

Saturday, June 12

From 9 to 12 o'clock a. m., the joint M. I. A. workers will discuss, under the project method, the theme: "What are the outstanding needs of the young people of the Church, and how can the M. I. A. best meet them?" The workers will be divided into eight or more classes, or groups, presided over by members of the General Board, to discuss the question one hour; then, the groups will all meet together and the concensus of opinion obtained in the groups will be presented to the ensemble and discussed.

From 12:15 to 1:45 p. m., there will be separate luncheons for the superintendents of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations and also for the presidents of the Young Ladies' Associations.

Saturday afternoon, from 2 to 4 o'clock the final tryouts in literary and musical contests will be held (See *Improvement Era* for March, pages 508-9).

From 8:30 to 10:30 in the evening, a concert and grand finals in the contest will be given.

Sunday, June 13

From 8:15 to 10:15 a. m., a joint testimony meeting of M. I. A. officers will be held in the Assembly Hall.

From 10:30 to 12, general meeting in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, at which the slogan for 1926-27 will be discussed.

From 2 to 4 o'clock p. m., the joint M. I. A. and Primary Associations, and the general public, will meet in the Tabernacle, under the direction of the First Presidency of the Church.

Sunday evening, from 7:30 to 9 o'clock, there will be a general meeting of the M. I. A. and Primary Associations to which the general public is invited.

Officers' Notice, Contest Work

In the March issues of the *Era* and *Journal*, practically all the details relative to our contest work were covered; but the attention of officers is called to the following items issued in a recent circular by the General Superintendency of the Y. M. M. I. A. and by the General Presidency of the Y. L. M. I. A.:

1. *Music Contests.* If individual wards enter chorus or orchestra groups, it will be necessary to hold a stake tryout. A stake chorus, (both Y. M. and Y. L.)

or orchestra, however, may be made up of individuals from several wards and the one chorus or orchestra may represent the stake, in which case a stake try-out is unnecessary. District tryouts must be held. Winners in district try-outs are to be prepared to sing the ensemble numbers as indicated. Choruses and male quartets are to be *sung with accompaniment.*

2. *Public Speaking Contest.* Stake try-outs and district try-outs must be held. It is the purpose of the contest also that large numbers in every local association enter this contest. If this is done it will necessitate ward try-outs. Officers are urged to make this contest a special feature for all M Men and Gleaner Girls.

3. *Stake Try-outs* should be held not later than May 15.

4. *District Try-outs* should be held not later than May 25.

5. *Names of Contestants,* winners in district try-outs, are to be forwarded so as to reach the General Offices not later than June 1.

6. *For complete list of stakes* as districted, see *Y. M. M. I. A. Hand Book,* pages 79, 80.

7. *The following stakes,* starred in the *Hand Book,* will take the initiative in preparing for district try-outs:

Districts *Y. M. Supt.* *Y. L. Pres. and Addresses*

1. Alberta, Seth N. Nelson. Fanny K. Duce, Cardston, Alta., Canada.
2. Big Horn, Woodruff Gwynn. Cowley. Helen C. Johnson, Lovell, Wyo.
3. Boise, R. Charles Gambling, 1903 N. 22nd St. Kathryn D. Willis, 1219 Franklin St., Boise, Idaho.
4. Fremont, Oswald Christensen. Ethel Schwendiman, Box 295, Rexburg, Ida.
5. Burley, James Bodily. Edith Langlois, Box 5, Burley, Idaho.
6. Montpelier, Clarence L. Wright, Box 326. Ada J. Von Almea, Montpelier, Idaho.
7. Cache, Francis M. Young, 240 N. 1st E. Katherine M. Ricks, 658 E. 6 N., Logan, Utah.
8. Ogden, C. Angus Wright. Maude West, 2031 Orchard Ave., Ogden, Utah.
9. Granite, DeVoe Woolf, 1436 E. 13 So. Eva Lindquist, 2269 So. 8 E., Salt Lake City.
10. Utah, Isaac Brockbank. Leona Durrant, 1089 W. 1 N., Provo, Utah.
11. Sevier, W. L. Warner. Ella Parker Ogden, Richfield, Utah.
12. Parowan, M. J. Urie. Alice C. Knell, Cedar City, Utah.
13. Young, J. L Walker. Lieve N. Behrmann, Redmesa, Colo.
14. Maricopa, Delbert L. Stapley. Ida R. Aldredge, Mesa, Ariz.
15. St. Johns, Albert F. Anderson. Laura F. Day, St. Johns, Ariz.
16. Uintah, Irvin Eaton. Jean Merkley, Vernal, Utah.
17. Deseret, George Finlinson, Oak City, Utah. Grace Warnick, Hinckley. Utah.
18. Los Angeles, J. A. Rasmussen, 1283 Browning Blvd. Vida E. Savage, 926 S. West Moreland Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
19. Juarez, Miles A. Romney. Ida E. Turley, Col. Juarez, Chi., Mexico.

All who enter these contests are winners, since it is the effort and the spirit that count. The development which comes to individual M. I. A. members through participation in these activities is the real objective in contest work. Success to all who take part.

Six Idaho Stakes in Leadership Week

The First Annual Leadership Week of the Southern Idaho District, comprising Cassia, Burley, Minidoka, Twin Falls, Raft River, and Blaine stakes, was held at Burley, March 1 to 5, inclusive. There were more than 500 people in attendance, and courses were given in the following subjects: Folk dancing, play production, social dancing, scouting, religious education, methods of teaching religion, farmers conference, and social welfare. Assistance was given by Dr. H. M. Woodward, Dean L. John Nuttall, Jr., Wilma Jeppson, and Lowry Nelson, of Brigham Young University; W. O. Robinson, of the Y. M. M. I. A., General Board; by specialists of the University

of Idaho Extension Division and others. Herman P. Fails, second counselor in the Minidoka stake presidency, was in charge of the institute, which was held under the auspices of the stake presidents of the various stakes. The week was so popular with the people, that they voted to make it an annual event.

Granite Stake Merry-Go-Round

The third annual Merry-Go-Round of the Granite stake M. I. A. was given in the nine wards of the stake on March 30, 1926. Every ward in the stake was represented with a very excellent act. Three prizes were given: one for $15, one for $10 and one for $5. Approximately five thousand people visited the recreation halls of the nine wards during the evening and were royally entertained by the presentation one after the other of the following program: Nibley Park, "Nibley Novelties;"' Richards, "Easter Days;" Hawthorne, "A Forest Legend;" Emerson, "A Romance in Delph Blue;" Wasatch, "If Eyes Could See;" Parleys, "A Phoney Radio;" Sugar House, "Moonlight Sonata;" Highland Park, "Art's Triumph;" Forest Dale, "Spring Fancies." There were some excellent fillers between the acts, which kept the audience in good humor all the time, and the nine acts were presented in about two and a half hours. The presentations were lively, and the young people received in each ward a rousing reception. There were no delays. Each act was finished in its own ward, closing the ward programs. All the programs were presented in the Sugar ward, to the four or five hundred people who took part. Admission was 25c for adults, and children, 15c. The results of the Merry-Go-Round ended in a handsome remuneration for the M. I. A. organizations in the Granite stake.

Senior Girls and M Men in Sugar City

This is a flash-light of the Senior Girls and M Men of Sugar City, Idaho, at the finish of one of their most enjoyable socials. Ideal standards, good fellowship and the real aim of Mutual work characterized the evening's program. Games, stunts, luncheon served by the M Men and a dance, were all voted a success, mainly because the slogan was, "Everybody on the floor; no wall-flowers." Much credit is due to the young people, who had charge of the party, and we say keep up the interest, Seniors and M Men.—*Graham McKay,* in charge of M Men.

Los Angeles Coming to Conference

The Executive Committee of the Los Angeles stake Mutual Improvement Association Senior Chorus have arranged for a trip to Salt Lake City during the June conference, and will take part in the Church-wide contests in music,

drama, public speaking and other events. The Gleaner Girls and M Men have organized a chorus of two hundred selected singers, who will take part in this excursion and in this year's big contest in June. Already a hundred and fifty of the stake's best young singers are enrolled in the chorus, which is under the leadership of Directors William Salt and Hortense Steed. Several events have been presented to raise funds for this trip. It is expected the chorus will leave Los Angeles June 9, and after arrival in Salt Lake City will spend a day in seeing the sights around Salt Lake; the third, fourth and fifth days will be accupied by the conference. Among other activities to be engaged in by the chorus, which will travel on a special train, there will be a visit to Saltair, a trip to Ogden, a trip to Pine Crest in Emigration canyon, and an evening dinner dance at the Hotel Utah. On returning they will go via Zion canyon to Los Angeles. They have secured special rates, and will not be required to return in a body; provided, permission to extend their stay in Utah is obtained from the parents of the young people. We congratulate the M. I. A. workers, on their enterprise and enthusiasm in this undertaking.

Era Subscriptions

Nicholas G. Morgan, member of the General Board Y. M. M. I. A., on a recent visit to North Weber stake, discovered that the Far West and Harrisville wards each had gone over the top in *Era* subscriptions by double their required number. We congratulate the officers of these wards on this result, as we do all the officers in many wards that have made similar advancement in the matter of subscriptions for the *Improvement Era*. In this connection, superintendents of stakes will notice that only about thirteen stakes have made the full quota; eighty-one are unfinished. Please complete the canvass before the June conference. Subscriptions may begin in June, and on. Back numbers cannot now be furnished.

Fast Sunday Evening Joint M. I. A. Programs

Outlines are being prepared for the Fast Sunday evening programs for the twelve months, beginning June, 1926. The programs for June, July, August and September, with full outlines, will appear in the June issues of the *Era* and the *Journal*.

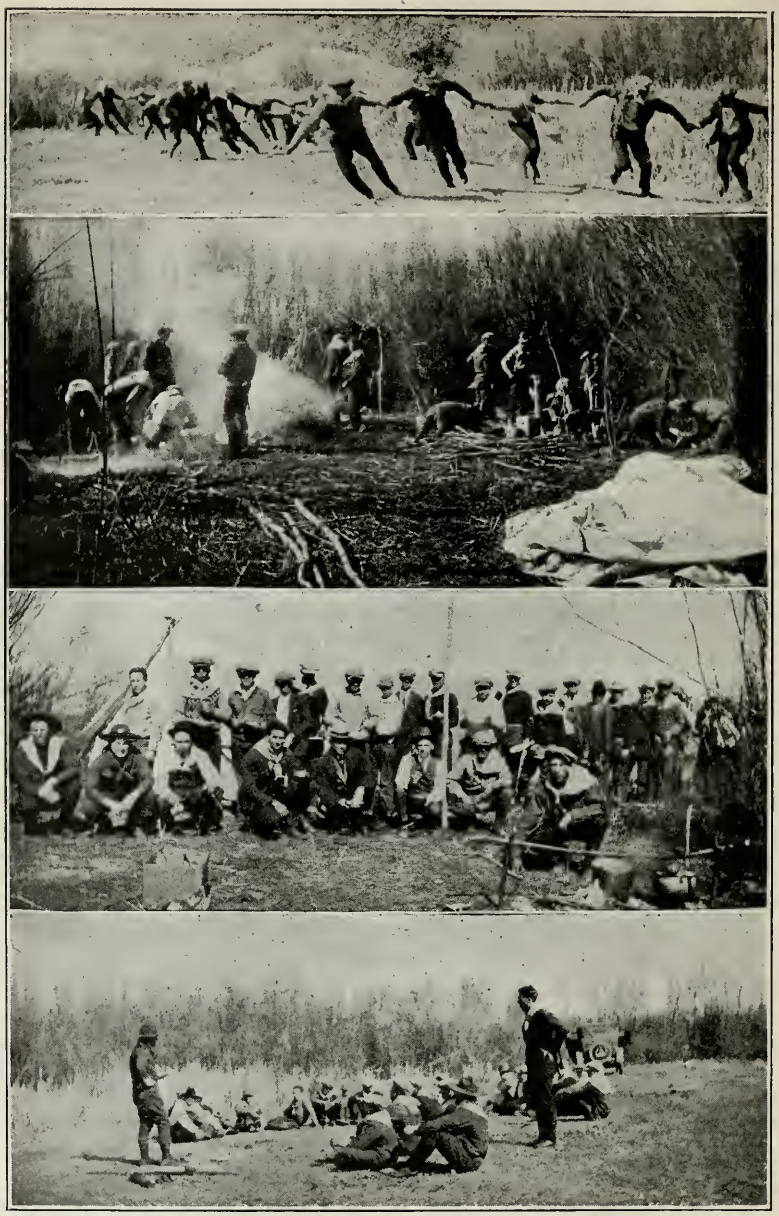
The theme selected for the programs relates to the life and labors of the Prophet Joseph Smith. Topic 1, for Sunday evening, June 6, will deal with his religious yearnings, treating some of his early experiences. Officers are urged to bear the general theme in mind for the Summer months.

Burley M Men's Jamboree

On the 19th of February the M Men of Burley stake, which consists of nine wards, put over a jamboree in the Burley stake house. They entertained the Gleaner Girls, the president of the stake with his counselors and their partners, the bishops of wards and presidents of Mutuals, in a program which consisted of stunts, songs and musical numbers, and wound up with a dance and refreshments. It was the first party of this kind that these young fellows had put over. Their president closes the account by saying, "The Church and the people here have a right to be proud of the M Men of the Burley stake."—*Hyrum S. Evans*, president stake M Men.

Scouts in Idaho Leadership Week

Scouting formed an important part of the instruction during the First Annual Leadership Week at Burley, Idaho, March 1 to 5 inclusive. The department of scouting was in charge of Herman P. Fails of the Minidoka stake presidency. Scout Executive Douglas Hawley, of the Snake River Council, gave some valuable instruction on Thursday, including cooking, camp sanitation and discipline, hiking, etc.



1. Top: A good game for scouts: "The Chariot Race," being taught scout leaders of the Snake River Council, by Scout Executive Hawley, at Burley during Leadership Week, March 4.

2. Scouts taking cooking tests during South Idaho District Leadership Week, at Burley, March 4.

3. Scout Leaders and Officers, Snake River Council in training at Burley, March 1 to 5.

4. Scout Executive Hawley, instructing Scout Leaders in Camp Craft, in preparation for Summer hikes, Burley, March 4.

Y. M. M. I. A. Statistical Report, March, 1926

STAKES	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and Class Leaders' Enrollment	Adv. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Adv. Junior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders' Attendance	Adv. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Adv. Junior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Alpine	1000	18	16	132	135	262	381	.....	910	113	71	114	181	.....	479
Bear River	332	12	8	74	99	87	25	103	388	49	65	41	14	61	230
Benson	756	14	11	91	134	196	42	215	678	65	61	104	18	138	386
Box Elder	638	13	13	123	252	182	88	250	895	95	140	103	38	188	564
Cache	615	11	10	100	73	172	.....	218	563	70	35	75	.....	124	304
Carbon	150	10	4	36	54	52	8	70	220	31	31	25	8	42	137
Cottonwood	717	10	9	93	92	220	.....	271	676	73	25	91	.....	176	365
Deseret	471	12	12	106	187	160	17	141	611	65	100	75	12	82	334
Emery	477	9	6	49	36	119	.....	196	400	35	25	69	.....	108	237
Ensign	934	8	8	85	111	281	78	274	829	71	74	115	41	232	533
Garfield	278	8	2	9	14	10	.....	20	53	5	6	3	.....	6	20
Grant	1170	14	12	119	102	279	62	333	895	94	74	135	31	225	559
Gunnison	288	7	7	49	63	91	27	90	320	39	21	49	14	49	172
Hyrum	500	10	4	32	50	65	.....	85	232	22	29	44	.....	33	128
Jordan	1011	16	16	139	206	284	.....	420	1049	93	79	183	.....	237	592
Juab	336	5	5	41	97	87	.....	135	360	31	65	43	.....	98	237
Kanab	215	6	6	41	66	47	.....	91	245	31	26	19	.....	61	137
Liberty	1350	12	12	134	246	339	233	353	1305	110	185	182	151	265	893
Millard	344	8	8	56	82	119	12	109	378	45	58	64	3	72	242
Morgan	203	10	8	63	103	26	9	84	285	49	76	17	7	54	203
Mount Ogden	637	8	8	78	110	129	35	189	541	62	52	59	23	134	330
North Davis	446	6	6	54	76	107	33	131	401	37	35	26	14	80	192
North Sanpete	719	10	7	66	50	200	36	183	535	49	26	116	28	130	349
North Sevier	267	6	3	42	101	62	19	69	293	13	30	16	4	15	78
North Weber	640	13	13	101	93	140	30	234	598	76	35	69	17	150	347
Oquirrh	462	5	5	50	86	101	29	147	413	43	23	31	12	78	187
Panguitch	261	6	5	40	71	77	18	63	269	30	36	38	15	52	171
Parowan	494	8	7	50	115	115	34	98	412	33	63	81	14	57	248
Pioneer	782	10	8	61	67	142	51	200	521	48	32	61	17	93	251
St. George	680	15	10	93	178	138	107	117	633	55	107	79	66	62	369
Salt Lake	1067	13	13	137	168	208	57	398	968	93	77	104	27	353	554
San Juan	182	4	4	36	48	61	25	56	226	26	40	22	16	24	128
Sevier	336	6	6	54	90	128	59	99	430	29	42	77	38	75	261
South Sanpete	480	7	5	31	.....	110	.....	121	262	24	.....	36	.....	75	135
South Sevier	200	8	7	10	10	4	.....	10	34	10	6	4	.....	10	30
Summit	467	12	11	68	88	83	21	141	401	49	33	41	7	62	192
Uintah	404	10	8	58	110	126	26	120	440	46	70	60	18	65	259
Weber	667	8	8	80	104	127	.....	247	558	58	34	64	.....	173	329
Bannock	242	10	8	64	79	60	.....	55	258	50	47	43	.....	41	181
Bear Lake	363	11	11	85	91	115	32	112	435	56	51	59	9	60	235
Blackfoot	514	13	12	107	140	123	26	130	526	71	91	66	18	116	362
Burley	324	9	8	56	124	73	28	87	368	44	78	42	13	43	220
Cassia	193	6	6	47	66	46	17	63	239	33	66	21	6	38	164
Curlew	91	10	4	24	25	28	.....	42	119	16	12	10	13	15	66
Franklin	420	11	11	97	132	88	.....	178	495	58	76	39	.....	140	313
Fremont	657	14	13	107	229	194	82	175	787	83	137	98	32	114	464
Idaho	203	11	8	57	83	36	16	46	238	39	53	35	6	21	154
Idaho Falls	540	11	10	73	169	86	.....	124	452	56	150	48	.....	76	330
Lost River	84	4	4	29	40	34	.....	46	149	17	18	16	.....	17	68
Malad	336	8	8	87	97	94	.....	109	387	55	74	72	.....	80	281
Oneida	354	11	9	71	86	59	.....	150	366	50	47	34	.....	125	256
Pocatello	524	10	9	77	80	92	36	149	434	56	60	61	21	112	310
Portneuf	258	9	6	42	49	24	47	30	192	35	19	19	14	27	114

STAKES	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and Class Leaders' Enrollment	Adv. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Adv. Junior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders' Attendance	Adv. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Adv. Junior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Raft River	160	8	5	33	50	23	47	.....	153	18	24	11	22	.....	75
Rigby	520	13	9	71	106	84	19	91	371	55	81	65	14	70	285
Teton	300	8	3	17	35	40	.....	10	102	15	11	27	.....	10	63
Twin Falls	210	6	6	33	64	44	.....	56	197	29	44	34	.....	36	143
Yellowstone	370	10	6	51	93	67	.....	72	283	31	60	33	.....	34	158
Alberta	371	11	11	94	148	151	203	.....	596	77	94	95	149	.....	415
Juarez	127	5	5	16	80	50	27	28	201	14	60	45	20	22	161
Lethbridge	223	9	8	73	82	70	33	65	323	65	59	49	25	59	257
Maricopa	402	8	8	75	121	116	24	163	499	56	82	70	16	112	336
Moapa	191	8	7	54	90	48	37	79	308	35	62	29	30	33	189
St. Joseph	341	15	8	64	118	103	28	131	444	47	78	60	21	79	285
Star Valley	359	11	7	113	78	121	11	116	439	43	19	42	.....	45	149
Taylor	333	6	6	78	106	172	.....	87	443	59	83	110	.....	54	306
Woodruff	435	9	9	80	170	125	16	150	541	55	124	81	8	92	360
N. W. States	313	23	22	87	196	57	32	36	408	73	143	43	18	28	305
Calif. Mission	1046	33	33	204	382	224	71	165	1046	163	243	148	58	108	720

Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report, March, 1926

STAKES	Membership	Average Attendance	Recreation	Scout Work	"M" Men	Monthly Joint Programs	"Era"	Fund	Monthly Stake and Ward Officers' Mtgs.	Ward Officers' Meetings	Total
Alpine	9	5	10	7	9	9	9	9	9	8	84
Bear River	10	6	10	10	9	10	8	8	9	9	89
Benson	9	6	8	7	5	9	8	6	7	7	72
Box Elder	10	6	10	7	4	10	10	10	10	10	87
Cache	9	5	10	9	8	10	9	9	10	8	87
Carbon	10	6	4	2	3	4	3	4	4	4	46
Cottonwood	9	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	8	9	91
Deseret	10	5	9	7	7	10	10	10	9	9	85
Duchesne	10	10	10	5	1	10	10	5	10	10	81
Emery	8	6	8	8	8	5	8	7	8	8	74
Ensign	9	6	10	10	10	10	10	8	10	10	93
Garfield	2	4	10	6	7	8	10	8	8	10	73
Grant	8	6	9	10	9	9	9	8	9	9	86
Gunnison	10	5	7	3	9	10	9	8	9	9	79
Hyrum	5	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	91
Jordan	10	6	10	10	8	10	10	9	10	10	93
Juab	10	10	10	6	10	10	10	8	10	8	92
Kanab	10	6	8	10	8	10	7	8	7	10	84
Liberty	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	99
Millard	10	6	9	4	6	9	8	7	9	8	76
Morgan	10	10	8	6	3	10	8	10	9	5	79
Mount Ogden	8	6	10	10	8	10	10	10	10	10	92
North Davis	9	5	10	9	8	10	10	9	10	10	90
North Sanpete	7	7	7	10	6	7	6	6	9	7	72
North Sevier	10	3	8	10	5	8	4	3	9	5	65
North Weber	9	6	8	10	5	9	10	10	10	10	87
Oquirrh	9	5	10	10	6	10	10	8	10	10	88

STAKES	Membership	Average Attendance	Recreation	Scout Work	"M" Men	Monthly Joint Programs	"Era"	Fund	Monthly Stake and Ward Officers' Mtgs	Ward Officers' Meetings	Total
Panguitch	10	10	4	4	4	9	5	5	----	4	55
Parowan	8	6	9	10	10	10	4	8	7	5	77
Pioneer	7	5	7	6	7	8	6	7	8	8	69
St. George	9	6	10	7	8	10	9	9	----	10	78
Salt Lake	9	6	10	10	10	10	8	10	10	10	93
San Juan	10	6	10	5	5	8	10	10	5	5	74
Sevier	10	6	10	9	8	8	6	10	10	10	87
South Sanpete	5	5	10	10	10	10	10	6	10	10	86
South Sevier	2	10	10	10	6	10	8	7	10	8	81
Summit	9	5	9	7	2	10	8	10	8	7	75
Uintah	10	6	10	5	7	10	7	6	8	8	77
Weber	8	6	9	7	8	10	8	8	10	10	84
Bannock	10	10	10	2	----	10	10	5	10	10	77
Bear Lake	10	5	9	6	7	10	10	10	7	8	82
Blackfoot	10	10	9	6	8	10	9	8	8	9	87
Boise	8	8	9	7	6	9	8	7	9	6	77
Burley	10	6	8	7	9	8	9	6	9	9	81
Cassia	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Curlew	10	5	5	2	3	7	10	10	3	1	56
Franklin	10	6	10	10	7	10	10	9	9	10	91
Fremont	10	6	9	10	9	10	10	10	9	10	93
Idaho	10	7	5	6	6	10	8	10	6	8	76
Idaho Falls	8	10	10	6	9	10	10	10	10	9	92
Lost River	10	5	10	3	6	10	7	9	5	8	73
Malad	10	10	10	10	8	10	10	10	10	10	98
Oneida	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	7	96
Pocatello	8	10	9	10	9	9	9	10	6	9	89
Portneuf	8	6	5	2	2	10	5	6	5	4	53
Raft River	10	5	9	----	----	10	10	10	5	6	65
Rigby	7	10	6	4	6	6	9	9	10	5	72
Teton	3	6	6	3	3	10	10	10	10	6	67
Twin Falls	9	10	10	8	7	10	7	8	10	10	89
Yellowstone	8	6	9	7	7	10	10	10	9	9	85
Alberta	10	10	9	3	9	10	10	10	10	9	90
Juarez	10	10	10	10	5	10	10	10	10	10	95
Lethbridge	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Maricopa	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Moapa	10	6	5	3	3	7	9	9	5	5	62
St. Joseph	10	10	10	10	8	9	10	10	9	10	96
Star Valley	10	3	7	6	6	10	10	10	8	6	76
Taylor	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Woodruff	10	10	10	9	8	10	8	10	7	8	90
N. W. States	10	10	9	10	10	10	8	7	10	7	91
Calif. Mission	10	10	10	4	10	10	8	10	10	10	92

Fair Play for the "Mormons"

The heading of a remarkable article in the London *Sunday Express*, of February 14, 1926, reproduced in the *Millennial Star* for February 25. The author is Viscount Castlerosse. The article is written after a thorough investigation of "Mormonism," as a result of interviews with Senator Reed Smoot about a year ago, and later with Dr. James E. Talmage, at the home of Lord Beaverbrook. The article is a manly acknowledgement on the part of the writer that he has been ignorant and prejudiced as regards "Mormonism," but that he has changed his views, and he pleads for fair play in behalf of the missionaries.

Passing Events

The Byrd Arctic expedition weighed anchor off Rosebank, Staten Island, and left for open sea in the steamship *Ghautier*, April 6, 1926.

Telephone conversation between Rugby, England, and Chicago, was held for twenty minutes, March 29. Mr. Arthur A. Oswald, who built the Rugby radio-telephone station, called up his father-in-law, Mr. Wm. H. Safford in Chicago, and told him of the success of the venture.

The John L. Shafer oil well No. 1, was reported, on April 4, to have flowed at the rate of 2.020 barrels daily, during the first 12 minutes, 1,680 barrels during the first 21 minutes, and 1,200 barrels during the first 30 minutes. The well is situated about 12 miles south of Moab.

The Brigham Young College, Logan, will be discontinued after this school year. This was the announcement made by Superintendent Adam S. Bennion, of the Church schools, at a meeting of the B. Y. C. board of trustees, March 31, 1926. Possibility that the buildings may be sold to the city schools and two L. D. S. church seminaries established in Logan, was voiced, says the neswspaper reports. The buildings have been appraised at $209,000 and equipment at $50,000.

War on the Mexican government by the Catholic church was begun on March 30, 1926, by Charles W. Darr, attorney for Archbishop Curley of Baltimore, demanding that our government withdraw recognition of the Mexican government. The demand was made in an address before the Foreign Affairs committee of the House of Representatives, and the speaker said he represents 20,000,000 Catholics in the United States. Mr. Darr explained that Mexico by its constitution has laid the foundation for bolshevism.

Notice to the West Family—A meeting of all who bear the name of West and related lines, who may be interested in temple work, will be held during the June Mutual conference, for the purpose of forming a West Surname Organization. A genealogy of the progenitors and descendants of Francis West, of Druxbury, Mass., was recently completed and published by Joseph A. West, Ogden, Utah. One hundred copies of this work are still on hand. These will be distributed, at a nominal cost, at the meeting to those who attend.

A successful flight in the Arctic was reported from Fairbanks, Alaska, April 7, 1926, when Captain George Hubert Wilkins and Lieutenant Carl Benjamin Eielson arrived there from Point Barrow, Alaska. They had ventured 140 miles north of that point without discovering any unknown land. The farthest point north in their flight, made on March 31, was latitude 73 degrees 30 minutes. That was 70 miles farther than Vilhjalmur Stefanson attained in 1913. Seventy miles north of Point Barrow his ship was stopped by the ice pack.

Senator Smith Wm. Brookhart, of Iowa, was unseated, April 12, 1926, by a vote in the U. S. Senate of 45 to 41. Senator Brookhart is classed as an "insurgent" Republican. His opponent, Daniel F. Steck, who was sworn in by Vice-President Dawes immediately after the vote, is a Democrat. Until the very hour of the roll call the result was in doubt, but sixteen Republicans joined with twenty-nine Democrats in voting to unseat Brookhart, overwhelming the nine Democrats, thirty-one Republicans and the one farmer-labor senator, who supported him.

A destructive tornado swept the oil district of Texas, March 25, 1926, and ten or twelve wells were loosed from control, in the oil field near Orangeville. A path about a half-mile in width was cleared of derricks by the wind, and, when the equipment went, the flowing wells ran wild. Property loss was estimated at $1,000,000. It was confined principally to 125 wrecked oil derricks. The tornado lasted only a few seconds, and was followed by a heavy rain and steady, strong wind. The oil spouting from the uncontrolled wells was blown long distances and coated the field.

Delegates from Chili and Peru met in Washington, April 6, 1926, to discuss the Tacna-Arica question, with a view to arriving at a settlement. Secretary Kellogg, in opening the conference, asked the delegates to "set an example to the world of a willingness to make concessions, adjust their differences and again restore their diplomatic and commercial relations. The meeting of the ambassadors and their staffs at the state department marked the beginning of direct negotiations, initiated by the United States as mediator, for settlement of the aged dispute between Chile and Peru over the sovereignty of the two provinces.

An ultimatum from foreign powers to China, issued March 16, gives the belligerents 36 hours in which to comply with the demand that they cease interfering with the foreign shipping. The action was taken as a result of conferences of consular and naval authorities whose decisions were approved by legations. French, Italian and American gunboats have gone down the Peri river to Taku from Tientsin, thirty-seven miles distant. Numerous other foreign warships already are assembled off Taku bar, outside the harbor. American residents in Peking protested against inteference by the United States in the affairs of China, on the ground that it is harmful to American interests.

The first one-day trip from Los Angeles to Salt Lake City by a Douglas plane carrying a standard load was made on Monday, April 5, by Major C. C. Mosley, vice-president of the Western Air Express. Under government mail contract the company is scheduled to start operations April 17. The trip being made is a test for the plane and one of several that will be made before opening the service. Major Mosley was accompanied by James G. Woolley, traffic manager of the company. On April 17, the air connection between the two points was established. Two planes started, one from each terminus, and made the trip in about seven hours. Charlie N. James was the pilot of the plane from Salt Lake City.

Secret radio messages are now said to be possible, by the use of an instrument called the "crypto-telestereograph,"—a word literally meaning "secret-long-solid-writer." The inventor is Monsieur Belin, and his invention is said to enable the sender to transmit the original handwriting of anyone in a photographic copy, by wireless. Monsieur Belin has just succeeded in sending his "Belinogrammes" from Vienna to Paris, a distance of 1000 miles. He says there is no reason why the messages can't be sent across the Atlantic. Both sending and receiving instruments must be carefully synochronized. The incoming message looks like a paper covered with iron filings, or dust, and cannot be read if the receiver hasn't the necessary key.

Judge Thomas Marioneaux died April 2, 1926, at his home in Salt Lake City, after a brief illness of pneumonia. He has been known as one of the leading men of the American bar. He was born in New Orleans, La., January 21, 1867. He came to Salt Lake City, in 1889, from Denver, and became at first associated with the firm of Bennett, Marshall & Bradley. He was admitted to the bar of the supreme court of Utah and to the United States district court of Utah in 1892, and from 1894 to 1896 served as court reporter in the Third district court. He served as district attorney of the Fifth judicial district from 1899 to 1900 and in 1900 was

elected district judge of the Fifth judicial district, where he served until 1904.

Dowager Queen Louise of Denmark passed away, March 20, 1926, at Copenhagen. She was the widow of King Frederick VIII. The death was due to a heart attack, superinduced by pneumonia. She was 74 years old. The deceased was the daughter of King Charles XV of Sweden and Norway. She became queen of Denmark in 1906, when her husband, Crown Prince Frederick, succeeded to the throne of his father, King Christian IX, who died Jan. 30, 1906, at the age of 88 years. The dowager Queen was born Oct. 31, 1851. Queen Louise was the first sovereign of Denmark to die as dowager queen in 150 years. All of her children, except King Haakon of Norway, were at the deathbed, as well as Queen Alexandria, Crown Prince Christian Frederick and Prince Knud.

The ten-story Medical Arts building to be erected upon the site formerly occupied by the Historian's office, Salt Lake City, has been financed and is at present in process of construction. It will cost in excess of $450,000, and it is expected that it will be completed by the end of the current year. The Medical Arts Building Company has succeeded in financing the structure. Dr. Fred Stauffer is the president of the Medical Arts Building Company, with Dr. E. F. Root, vice-president. Lewis Telle Cannon and John Fetzer are the architects. The building will be used only by members of the medical and dental professions and supply houses, catering to their needs. Nine upper stories will provide ninety spacious offices, and the ground floor will have a large lecture room, and four stores.

Mussolini was wounded in the face by a bullet fired at him by an Irish woman, the Honorable Violet Albina Gibson, 54-year-old sister of Baron Ashbourne, a resident of Compiegne, France. The population is jubilant because the dictator escaped death. The woman, Gibson, was born in 1876 at Dalkey County, Dublin, and a little over a year ago was the central figure of a dramatic incident. She was devoutly religious, and went to Rome in December, 1924, for the papal jubilee ceremonies and stayed at a convent. One day the mother superior, alarmed at hearing a shot-like sound, knocked at Violet's door. Apparently the woman had shot herself, but was able to open the door. She asked for a priest, to whom she stoically told of her action, explaining that she had "tried to die for the glory of God." She was sent to the hospital and recovered.

Benjamin (Uncle Ben) Perkins, one of the original pioneers of San Juan county, died in Los Angeles, California, March 29, 1926. The body was brought to Monticello and buried there on April 6. The deceased was born in Swansea, Wales, in 1844, and came to the United States with his brother, Hyrum, in 1868. He was instrumental in bringing to Utah his father, mother, two sisters, and Mary Ann Williams, whom he married soon after her arrival in Salt Lake City. Uncle Ben Perkins passed through the scenes and experiences incident to early pioneer life in Utah and the West, and did his part in developing the country and in turning the desert into a fruitful field. Later in life he married Sarah Williams, a sister of his first wife, and by the two unions he was blessed with 23 children, 18 of whom survive him, together with 84 grandchildren and 18 great-grandchildren.

President Thomas P. Cottam of the St. George Temple, died at his home in St. George, Utah, March 15, 1926. He was born in Salt Lake City, Sept. 28, 1857, but went with his parents to St. George in 1862, where, later, he engaged in stock raising and agriculture. He was appointed as bishop of the Fourth ward by the late President Wilford Woodruff in 1887, and served in this capacity until 1896. He served in many other official church capacities and in 1917 was ordained a patriarch. Upon the death of President David A. Cannon of the St. George temple, President Cottam was chosen as his successor.. Besides his Church activities, President

Cottam served a term as mayor of St. George, was assessor and collector for Washington county for a number of years, and was a member of the legislature from 1905 to 1908.

Luther Burbank, the famous horticulturist, died at his home in Santa Rosa, Cal., April 11, after an illness of two weeks. He was born at Lancaster, Mass., March 7, 1849, of English and Scotch ancestry, and he was the thirteenth of fifteen children. At the age of 22, he happened to find a seed ball of the Early Rose potato, which rarely bears seed. From this he developed the world-famous Burbank potato that has spread to every portion of the globe and which is said to exert a greater influence upon the food supply of humanity than any other single food plant. Shortly afterwards he moved to California, where he bought a small farm and undertook the many experiments for which he has become famous. Next to the potato, the accomplishment which brought fame to Burbank, was the spineless cactus, whereby he turned a worthless desert growth into a valuable forage and fruiting plant. In recognition of this work he received in 1912 a United States grant, congress under special act turning over 7680 acres of non-irrigable land to be located either in California, Nevada or Arizona. It has been estimated that Burbank's 100,000 or more experiments with plant life involved the planting, pollenization, observation and propagation or destruction of a billion individual growths. From this vast number, however, only 385 were selected and recommended by him as of value to humanity. Some of these were under his observation for twenty-five years before being given to the world.

Honorable Joseph A. West, civil engineer and pioneer citizen of Ogden, a son of Bishop Chauncey W. West and Mary Hoagland West, pioneers of 1847, died in Ogden City April 17, 1926. He was born in Salt Lake City September 12, 1851, and at the age of five years the family moved to Ogden, where Brother West has been a leading worker in every department for the furtherance of the Church and State all his life. As civil engineer he had charge of the construction of the Utah Central Railway between Salt Lake and Ogden, and also surveyed the Utah Northern between Ogden and Logan, later the Oregon Short Line. He was chief engineer of the Sumpter Valley Railway in Oregon, and secretary of this road at the time of his death. Practically every railway in the West has been benefited by his services at different times. In early days he was one of the students of telegraph by call of President Brigham Young. The first office of the company was opened at Ogden, December 1, 1866, and Brother West President Young's congratulatory message directed to Chauncey C. West, bishop of Weber county. Joseph A. West was at one time manager of the *Ogden Junction* and made it a morning paper. He was interested in the first water works of Ogden City. In Church affairs, he was the first superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. there. He has served the Church in many capacities, including a mission and many activities in his home county, and also served as a representative in the Legislature. He was a frequent contributor to the *Improvement Era*, and at one time General Secretary of the Y. M. M. I. A., and associate editor of the *Contributor*. In later years he became associated with David Eccles in the northwest lumber trade. Funeral services were held in Ogden on April 19, interment being in the Ogden cemetery. Surviving are his widows, Josephine Richards West and Sylvia Child West. He was the father of eighteen children, and had thirty-five grandchildren and eleven great-grandchildren living at his death.

Mrs. Susa Young Gates was honored on her 70th birthday by a large gathering of family and friends, who paid high tribute to her active life. The occasion was the 70th anniversary of her birth, Thursday, March 18, 1926. The gathering was held in the Lion House, which building was also

seventy years old on the same day, and in which building she was born seventy years ago. Cafeteria supper was served to the company from 5 to 6 p. m., followed by a very interesting program, in which the speakers brought instructive, humorous and interesting old-time memories and lauded Sister Gates as one of the outstanding women in the Church, and as a devoted mother and wife. Her husband, Jacob F. Gates, gave a sketch of their married life, in which he wove in much wit and romance pertaining to his first meeting with his wife, courtship and their marriage at St. George. Mrs. Gates spoke in reminiscent vein of her early associations. Among the noted speakers were President Heber J. Grant, President Anthony W. Ivins, President Chas. W. Nibley, and Elder Orson F. Whitney of the Council of the Twelve. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, noted author and nationally known director of women's activities, a fast friend of Mrs. Gates, paid her tribute in verse which she read. The speeches were full of much humor, emphasized the many talents, the ability and the leadership possessed by Mrs, Gates, and gave glowing tributes to her achievements. A reproduction on the phonograph of a speech by President Joseph F. Smith, given to the Young family more than twenty years ago, was listened to as one of the features of the evening. Professor Maude May Babcock gave two readings; and a beautiful phonograph selection by Emma Lucy Gates Bowen delighted the audience. The following brothers and sisters of Mrs. Gates, sons and daughters of President Brigham Young, were present: Col. Willard Young, Don Carlos Young, Morris B. Young, Mrs. Maria Y. Dougall, Jeanette Y. Easton, Clarissa Y. Spencer, Ruth Y. Healey, and Fannie V. Young. It was a delightful evening.

The death of Colonel John C. Coolidge, father of the President, on March 18, 1926, though expected for some time, nevertheless came so suddenly that President Coolidge, who sped northward on a special train, failed to reach the bedside before the end had come. Miss Florens Cilley, who conducts a general store in the village, and her ward, Violet Hickory, were the last visitors to the sick-room. They called shortly before 10 p. m., but the Colonel did not recognize them, being in a state of coma. He passed away shortly after they left. The physician, Dr. A. M. Cram, the nurse, Mrs. Johnson, and the bodyguard were with him to the last. Colonel Coolidge, who was within two weeks of his eighty-first birthday, had been sinking gradually since he suffered a severe heart attack a week ago. At that time his physician said his patient was at the point of death. His pulse rate reached 140. The President's father's illness attracted attention first in April last year. It was found later that he suffered from gas on the stomach and bowels, and that inflamation had set in. On June 28 he was operated on. He seemed greatly relieved at first, but he has been reported sick since then, on several occasions. Until during the Christmas season he continued to perform the "chores" about the place, but at that time he lost the use of his legs and had since been confined to his bed. Mr. Coolidge was born at Plymouth, Vermont, March 31, 1845. His title he obtained from service on the staff of Governor Stickney of Vermont. At the age of 27 he was elected member of the legislature, where he served six terms as representative and one as senator. Colonel Coolidge in 1868 married Victoria Josephine Moor. They lived in a tenement in the rear of the store, where President Coolidge was born, until 1878, when, upon the death of his father, the colonel moved into the latter's home, the present Coolidge homestead. Mrs. Coolidge died when Calvin was 12 years old. The colonel's second wife was Carrie A. Brown, who died in 1920. After his son became the occupant of the White House, Colonel Coolidge made occasional trips to Washington, but always appeared glad to get back to his farm and the life to which he had so long been accustomed.

Motion Pictures

The following pictures have been previewed by the Committee on Recreation and may be obtained from the Visual Education Department of the University of Utah:

Off the Highway—8 reels. An all-star special. A Hunt Stromberg personally supervised production.

Mike—7 reels. A Metro-Goldwin-Mayer picture written and directed by Marshall Neilan. A sparkling comedy drama of life in a desert town, with Sally O'Neill.

Steel Preferred—7 reels. Vera Reynolds, William Boyd, and Charlie Murray. A tremendous dramatic story filmed in the heart of the great steel industry.

The Million Dollar Handicap—6 reels. A Metropolitan production with Vera Reynolds, Edmund Burns and Ralph Lewis. A great melodramatic picture of the American turf, vibrant with humor and thrills.

Don Q Son of Zorro—11 reels. Douglas Fairbanks. Swift action, tender romance, thrilling stunts, with lightning-like whip-lash, comedy, rapid adventure, high conspiracy, mystery plots.

We again call your attention to the picture *America*, which was mentioned in the list published in the April *Journal* and *Era*. Specially recommended by the Committee.

IMPROVEMENT ERA, MAY, 1926

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CONTENTS

In Hawaii ..... Frontispiece
The Soul's Captain. A Poem ..... *Orson F. Whitney* 611
Diamond Jubilee of Missionary Effort in Hawaii. Illustrated ..... *Francis J. Russell* 613
Harold Dingit's Wild Ride. A Story ..... *David Horatio Morgan* 620
A Mother's Worth. A Poem ..... *O. F. Ursenbach* 627
Motherhood. A Poem ..... *Alberta L. Jacobs* 627
Oratory, Poesy and Prophecy ..... *Orson F. Whitney* 628
"Twenty Nickles." A Story ..... *George Blair Glade* 632
May Day. A Poem ..... *Mrs. Otis Geise* 633
Wild Life of the Forest. Illustrated ..... *Benjamin Swapp* 634
My Mother. A Poem ..... *C. H. Durrant* 637
The Choice. A Story ..... *Weston N. Nordgran* 638
Mother is Praying for Me. A Poem ..... *Elsie M. Larsen* 641
A "Speeding" Cure. A Story ..... *Glen Perrins* 642
Bits of Philosophy ..... *Nephi Jensen* 643
The Formal Opening of Bryce Canyon ..... *Grace Wharton Montaigne* 644
Laughter. A Poem ..... *D. C. Retsloff* 647
Latter-day Saints' New Seminary at Payson, Utah. Illustration 648
An American Indian Pageant. Illustrated ..... *Victor Lindblad* 649
Things as They Are. A Poem ..... *Bertha A. Kleinman* 651
Pioneers. Song with Music ..... *P. D. Griffith* 652
Joseph Smith, and the Great West ..... *I. K. Russell* 653
For the Soul that Comprehends. A Poem ..... *Grace Ingles Frost* 660
San Francisco to Leningrad via the North Pole ..... *Elizabeth Cannon Porter* 661
Putting the Mutual Reading Course Across ..... *Fred G. Barker* 665
Dear Mother of Mine. A Poem ..... *Walter N. Horne* 666
Messages from the Missions. Illustrated 668
Editors' Table—President Heber J. Grant's Conference Message 677
Changes in Officers—Church Statistics 686
Priesthood Quorums 688
Mutual Work 689
Passing Events 696

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We accept only the highest class of advertising. We recommend to our readers the firms and goods found in our advertising pages.

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Humorous Hints

(Contributions for this column solicited.)

The United States leads the world in cases of nervous prostration: it also leads the world in women automobile drivers.

* * *

Most of the automobile accidents happen in the city; there are more dodging places out in the country.—*D. C. R.*

* * *

"A cat isn't the only animal that has nine lives."
"How do you know?"
"Our cow has kicked the bucket ten times this week."—*Perrins.*

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Few knees are above see level.—*Perrins.*

* * *

The early worm gets the hook.—*Perrins.*

* * *

He was a man of metal, but he lost his temper.—*Perrins.*

* * *

Here lies the body of an unknown sap, who tried to drive with a girl on his lap.—*Perrins.*

* * *

Teacher: "Study hard, Willie, and you will soon be able to sing. Bobby learned how to sing in no time."

Willie: "Yes, I know he did. That's just the way he was singing the other day."—*Nordgran.*

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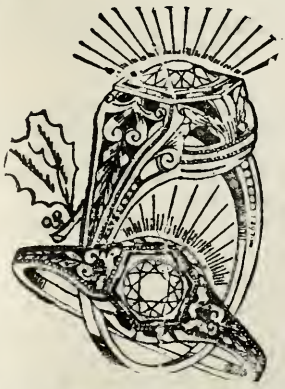

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N. Lorenzo Mitchell, president of the Raymond, Alberta Canada, First ward Y. M. M. I. A., informs us that for the month of March their officers decided to make a drive for enrollment, and to aim for 100% attendance of the enrollment. "On the 28th of February, sixty-three were enrolled, with an average attendance of 84%. At the end of March, after figuring up, we found that we had increased our enrollment to ninety-one, and that every enrolled member had been present for each and every class session during the month. The attainment of this objective entailed no small amount of work, but the result was worth it."

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Editor: "What did he want?"

Johnny: "He said he would like to beat you up."

Editor: "What did you tell him?"

Johnny: "I was sure sorry you wasn't in."—*La Vive Jesperson.*

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